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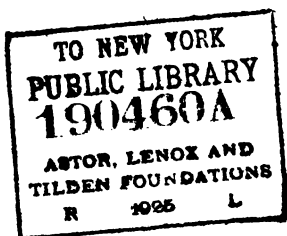
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## PREFACE.

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MANY may say, there are already READERS enough; true, there are a great many; but about one-third of the pieces found in each are the same. "Marco Bozzaris," "On Linden," and many more, present their well-known faces the moment we open a new Reader. With such a wide field from which to select; with Milton, Young, Shakspeare, and a host of English, as well as American writers, to cull from, no compiler should gather from the bouquet of another. Pupils should have a new selection every session. I am teaching a class who have read through every good selection, from Emerson's First to Swan's last, and have now taken Shakspeare for want of another.

This Reader I have compiled to assist teachers in correcting children, who have been badly taught, of whining, and reading in a pompous, affected manner, so often heard in our pulpits and public places. These unnatural tones annoy me as much as a bad instrument accompanying a sweet singer. The teacher will find the pupil, in spite of bad habits, reading naturally, as soon as a little dia-

logue or play is put in his hand that he can understand.

I have not arranged any spelling or definition lessons, as I generally teach spelling by giving the class a verse or half a page of the reading lesson, as there are many or few difficult words in it, and giving out a sentence at a time, passing to the next when any pupil has forgotten her word; this keeps the class all listening. So in reading, if my class is long, I do not correct, but ask the pupil the mistakes of the one above her; if she does not know, I pass on until I find some one who has been listening; if she reads the sentence correctly she takes the place of the one who first failed.

When the lesson is read, I never fail to question the class, and ask the meaning of such words as I think, from my knowledge of the pupils' minds, they do not understand.

Teachers are generally obliged to instruct so many pupils, that often they have not time to teach as well as they know how. Parents will find it to their advantage to pay teachers more, and limit their number of pupils to twelve or twenty.

A Reader should not be made too large, but of such a size that the pupil may hold it easily and gracefully in one hand, and a little to one side, that the head and figure may be erect, and the book offer no obstruction to the voice.

# THE FOURTH SCHOOL READER.

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## THE PHYSICIANS.

TRANSLATED FROM MOLIERE.

### *Persons Represented.*

MRS. GARNELLE.

AMANDA.

LUCECE.

MR. JONES.

LISSETT.

MR. WILLIAMS.

MR. TOMES.

MR. DESFOND.

MR. MACTON.

MR. BACHIS.

*Physicians.*

MRS. GARNELLE. — Ah ! what a strange thing is life ! and I can say with the greatest philosopher of antiquity, that whoever lives on the earth has trouble, and that one misfortune never comes without another. I had only *one* husband, and he is dead.

AMANDA. — And how many, then, do you wish to have ?

MRS. G. — He is dead ! I feel his loss very sensibly, and I cannot think of him without weeping. I was not very well pleased with his conduct

whilst living, and we very often quarrelled; but death settles all disputes. He is dead, and I weep for him; if he were alive, we would be quarrelling yet.

Of all the children heaven has given me, but one remains; and she is my greatest trouble, because I see her sinking into the most profound melancholy, of which I cannot even ascertain the cause; as for myself, I am almost crazy, and desire your advice on the subject. You, my niece (pointing to Amanda), and you, my neighbors and friends, I pray you to tell me what I ought to do.

MR. JONES.—As for myself, I think that splendid jewelry gives the most joy to the heart of a young girl; and if I were you I would purchase her a beautiful set of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

MR. WILLIAMS.—And if I were in your place, I would buy her some beautiful curtains, carpets, &c.; to put in her chamber, to divert and please her eye.

AMANDA.—And I would do no such thing; I would marry her as soon as possible to the first who should ask for her.

LUCRECE.—You should never marry your daughter; the world will not suit her. I advise you to put her in a convent, where she will find amusement to suit her taste.

MRS. G.—All these counsels are admirable, assuredly; but I find them a little interested, and imagine you are thinking of yourselves when you give me advice.

You are a jeweller, Mr. Jones, and your counsels are those of a man who has trinkets to sell. Mr. Williams, you speak as a man who has carpets to sell; and you, my neighbor, as one who has a son in love with my daughter; and your advice, my niece, is that of one who expects to inherit my estate. Thus, ladies and gentlemen, although all your counsels are the best in the world, I hope you will not be offended if I do not follow any of them. [*Alone.*] Such are the counsels of the world. [*Enter Lisett.*]

MRS. G. — I have sent for four physicians; one cannot have too many at such a time. Ah! my daughter, my poor daughter!

LISETT. — What are you going to do with four physicians. That's enough to kill any one.

MRS. G. — Hold your tongue. Four heads are better than one.

LISETT. — Do you think your daughter will not die soon enough without the help of these men.

MRS. G. — Do physicians kill people?

LISETT. — Without doubt; and I know a man who proves, by good reasoning, that it is never necessary to say that a person died of a fever; but that they died of four physicians and two apothecaries.

MRS. G. — Hold your tongue; don't you hear the physicians coming.

LISETT. — Upon my word, our cat recovered, in a short time, from a leap it made from the house.

top into the street; it was three days without eating, and without being able to move either head or foot; but it is very happy for it that there are no physicians for cats, otherwise, she would never have recovered; for they would have, without doubt, both bled and purged her.

MRS. G. — Will you hold your tongue, I say! What an impertinent creature; but here they are.

LISETT. — Take care, you are going to be very much edified. They will tell you in Latin that your daughter is sick.

MRS. G. — Walk in, gentlemen.

MR. TOMES. — We have seen the patient, and without doubt she is very sick.

MRS. G. — Certainly.

MR. TOMES. — But we are going to consult together.

MRS. G. — [*To Lisett.*] Hand some chairs.

LISETT. — [*To Mr. Tomes.*] Ah! sir, is it you?

MRS. G. — [*To Lisett.*] What! then do you know this gentleman?

LISETT. — From having seen him the other day at your niece's.

MR. TOMES. — How is her coachman?

LISETT. — Very well! He is dead.

MR. TOMES. — Dead?

LISETT. — Yes.

MR. TOMES. — That cannot be.

LISETT. — I do not know if that cannot be; but know very well that it is.

MR. TOMES. — He cannot be dead, I tell you.

LISETT. — And I tell you he is dead and buried.

MR. TOMES. — You are deceived.

LISETT. — I saw him.

MR. TOMES. — It is impossible. Hippocrates says such diseases never terminate in less than fourteen days, and he has been sick only six days.

LISETT. — Hippocrates may say what he pleases, but the coachman is dead.

Mrs. G. — [*Going out, and returning.*] Gentlemen, the oppression of my daughter increases. I pray you to say quickly what you have resolved upon.

MR. TOMES. — [*To Mr. Desfond.*] Come, sir, speak.

MR. DESFOND. — No, sir; speak yourself, if you please.

MR. TOMES. — You jest!

MR. DESFOND. — I'm not going to speak first.

MR. TOMES. — Sir!

MR. DESFOND. — Sir!

Mrs. G. — For mercy, gentlemen, waive these ceremonies, and remember that time presses.

MR. TOMES. — The disease of your daughter —

MR. DESFOND. — The advice of all these gentlemen —

MR. MACTON. — After having well consulted —

MR. BAHIS. — For this reason —

Mrs. G. — Ah! gentlemen, speak one at a time, if you please.

MR. TOMES. — We have reasoned on the malady of your daughter, and my opinion is, that it proceeds from great heat of the blood, and that she must be bled immediately.

MR. DESFOND. — And I say she ought to have an emetic.

MR. TOMES. — I say an emetic will kill her.

MR. DESFOND. — And *I*, that bleeding will kill her !

MR. TOMES. — It is very smart in you to pretend to be a skilful physician.

MR. DESFOND. — Yes, sir ; and I excel *you* in all kinds of erudition.

MR. TOMES. — Do you remember the man you killed last week ?

MR. DESFOND. — Do you remember the woman *you* sent to the other world not three days since ?

MR. TOMES. — [*To Mrs. G.*] I have given you my advice.

MR. DESFOND. — And I have given you mine.

MR. TOMES. — If you don't have your daughter bled she will die in an hour.

MR. DESFOND. — If you *do* have your daughter bled she will die in less than a *quarter* of an hour.

MRS. G. — What shall I do ! must I kill my child ?

LISSETT. — [*Entering.*] I give you joy, madam. Your daughter, like the cat, is recovering from her suffocation without the assistance of these gentlemen. Good morning, gentlemen ; you cannot have the pleasure of sending her to the other world *his* time.



## MAN. — (POPE.)

Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find;  
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?  
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.  
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
His fiery course, and drives him o'er the plains ;  
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god,  
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend ;  
His actions', passions', being's use and end ;  
Why doing, suffering, check'd, compell'd ; and why  
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

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## THE SPIRIT WORLD. — (GOETHE.)

A longing, long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing  
For the far spirit world overpowers me now,  
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying  
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough.  
And my chang'd heart throbs warm, no more  
denying  
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow ;  
The near, afar off seems, the distant, nigh,  
The now, a dream, the past, reality.

## THE BLOOMER CONVENTION.

*Persons Represented.*

A mother dressed à la Bloomer, and six children, some singing, others dancing, one sewing.

MOTHER.

ROSE.

VICTOR.

MARY.

ANNIE.

MAGGIE.

BERTA.

ALICE.

DELLA.

MARY. — Mother, please cut this doll-dress for me; I can't make it fit.

MOTHER. — I am afraid, Rose, you will be nothing but a ninny all your life; let the doll alone and me too.

MARY. — But she is not dressed.

BERTA. — Well, didn't Eve go naked?

MARY. — No, she did not; she sewed leaves together, and made her a gown, I'm determined my doll shall be dressed. I love to sew, and so do all good girls, father says.

BERTA. — He says you'll be a pattern wife, ha! ha!

MOTHER. — And be abused for her pains, poor thing. Men don't like doves now-a-days. Cleopatras are in much greater demand than Octavias.

MARY. — What did you say, mother?

MOTHER. — That your husband will abuse you.

MARY. — Will he? but father and God won't, and I'll love them.

MOTHER. — You poor dear little saint, you ought to be a preacher.

MARY. — O! no, mother; I don't want to preach; I'd be so afraid and ashamed. Please, mother, don't make me preach.

MOTHER. — Ba! you simpleton; you've not got sense enough to preach. You are of the real Penelope stripe; stitch, stitch, stitch, while Ulysses is sporting with Calypso.

Now, Roberta, I am going to the convention; take good care of the babe until father comes, and then give it to him.

ANNIE. — But, mother, ain't we going to have supper first.

MOTHER. — I declare, I forgot that; but I shall be too late to wait supper. Roberta, you must attend to that. Give the children some bread and milk.

ANNIE. — But, mother, I looked in the cupboard just now, and there's not a crumb.

MOTHER. — Tell father to send to the baker's.

DELLA. — But father won't be here for a long time, and I'm hungry now.

ALICE. — I'm most starved.

ANNIE. — I have not had a morsel since dinner.

VICTOR. — I did not eat any dinner, for I felt sick then; but I want some supper.

MOTHER. — Father will buy you a nice hot roll at the baker's.

ANNIE. — I expect the shop will be shut when father gets home.

MOTHER. — [*Looking at her watch.*] I'll be fined, certainly. Ten minutes after time. [*Exit.*]

BERTA. — I can't nurse the babe, attend to supper, and do twenty other things at once.

MAGGIE. — How are you going to dress your doll, Mary? Like ma, in a short gown?

MARY. — O! no; my doll is going to have long flowing robes like a real lady.

BERTA. — There now, Miss Mary, take the babe and nurse it, or I'll tell mother of that speech.

MARY. — You know, Berta, I never made a speech in my life; so don't tell ma a fib; but I love the babe and love to nurse it. Give it here. [*Sings.*] High diddle! diddle!

MAGGIE. — Let me help you, Mary; I do love baby so much. I'll pretend I'm its mother. Come, you pretty thing, come to mummy. Do you think, Mary, mother loves babe much.

MARY. — Well, I suppose she does.

BERTA. — Well, I suppose she don't, or she would not go off so much and leave me to take care of her.

MARY. — O! she has so much business to attend to.

BERTA. — I heard father tell her she had better stay at home.

ANNIE. — I wonder if he did?

VICTOR. — I wish she would; I feel sick, my headaches.

BERTA. — I expect you are hungry. Come, let

us all go to the dining-room, and see if we can find some supper.

MAGGIE. — Do ; I'm most starved.

ANNIE. — I tell you there's no bread there.

MAGGIE. — There's a big cake ; can't we eat that ?

BERTA. — Yes ; I'll let you have every bit of it.

MARY. — " Come, hush-a-by baby." Baby shall have some milk.

BERTA. — No she can't. Maggie drank it all up ; but here's the laudanum mother gives it to make it sleep ; and I'll administer a small portion, as the doctor says. [*Gives the laudanum.*] Come along, boys !

MARY. — But we are not boys ; there's only Victor.

VICTOR. — And I'm not large enough to be plural yet ; but I know who I'm going to have one of these days.

BERTA. — You little upstart ! Well, if we are not boys now, we are going to be in the good time coming.

" There's a good time coming, a good time coming,

Women then shall rule the day, in the good time coming.

[*All sing.*]

## SCENE II.

Ladies dressed à la Bloomer, walking about and talking.

*Characters.*

MOTHER.	LOTTIE.		JULIA.	CYNTHIA.
PRESIDENTESS.	ELLEN.		MOLLY.	

PRESIDENTESS. — [*Calls to order; they do not obey.*] It is getting late, ladies, we must proceed to business.

MOTHER. — [*Rises, bows.*] Yes, ladies, we certainly are abused! insulted! [*So much noise, she sits down.*]

PRES. — Silence, ladies! Is this the way we discuss our rights and assert our privileges, chattering like magpies? Will you listen to what the speaker has to say?

MOTHER. — [*Rises.*] Yes, ladies, we certainly are abused, insulted, oppressed by man; and why? Why do they dare treat us worse than dogs and slaves? Because we have not sense enough to league together and defy them; because our souls have become enslaved by long years of bondage; but I see the dawn of a new day for us. Its rosy light already streams through our dungeon grates and shows us our fetters; let us break them! let us rush to the ballot-box! let us vote! Are we more ignorant than the rude Irish and Dutch who sway our elections? One and two-thirds of a negro entitles a man to vote; but six wives and twenty

children do not entitle him to ~~one~~. Are we of less account than the negro of the South? I move that every woman vote, single or married, (in bondage, I mean).

PRES. — Who seconds this motion?

LOTTIE. — *I*; I want the women to vote; nothing else can save the country from destruction.

PRES. — It is moved and seconded that every woman vote. Those in favor of women voting, signify it by saying aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Those against it, No! No! The ayes have it, decidedly.

ELLEN. — I think we are beginning with the withes and tow of our bondage; let us strike off first the brazen fetters that oppress us. Let us pull down Blackstone, that old English, barbaric lawgiver, from our shelves, and substitute the civilized code of the Roman Justinian forever, I say.

LOTTIE. — I don't want to worship Jupiter, Venus, and all that sort of thing.

ELLEN. — Don't show your ignorance, woman; I'm not talking of *gods*, I'm talking of *law*. Don't you think you could study law a little, dear madam, and not be hurt.

LOTTIE. — I don't care about learning to cheat.

ELLEN. — Cheat! cheat! I'm a lawyer, madam.

LOTTIE. — You a lawyer! Well, I don't care about having anything to do with either doctors or lawyers; one kills the soul, the other the body.

JULIA. — I'm a doctor, madam, and wish you to speak with becoming respect of the profession.

LOTTIE. — It is certainly honored, if *you* belong to it.

JULIA. — You are too impertinent, and had better hold your tongue. You talk too much.

LOTTIE. — I'll talk as much as I please.

JULIA and ELLEN. — No you won't. [*They flourish their canes.*]

PRES. — Shameful ! ladies, take your seats.

CYNTHIA. — Am I to record the speeches of these *men*, or rather their quarrels ?

JULIA. — Whom are you calling *men* ?

CYNTHIA. — Did not you say you were men ?

JULIA. — Well, Miss, record us men, if you please ; you are too mincy for me.

CYNTHIA. — Never mind my mincing ; I'll be just as mincing as I please, Mr. Doctor, and I'll write you down *man* ; see if I don't.

JULIA. — I'll come right there and tear it out.

CYNTHIA. — No you won't !

JULIA. — Yes I will.

ELLEN. — And I'll help her.

PRES. — Ladies ! ladies ! for shame ! What *will* the *men* say !

JULIA. — I don't care *what* the men say !

*Enter* VICTOR.

VICTOR. — Father says the babe is very sick, and you must come home.



MOTHER. — All a story. Tell him nurse away ; crying won't hurt it — only strengthen the lungs.

PRES. — I see, ladies, we shall never do much in this way.

ELLEN. — I want to know if you are not going to vote in Justinian ; Blackstone is all sauce for the gander and none for the goose.

CYNTHIA. — Did you say you wanted to be voted a goose ?

ELLEN. — Who brought this peafowl here ?

JULIA. — I, madam ; and am ready to protect her from insult. [*Flourishes her cane.*]

PRES. — Ladies, please be silent for a few minutes, and listen to me. You all know I have nothing so much at heart as the enfranchisement of the sex ; the oppression of the negro, formerly so dear to my heart, is swallowed up in this great injustice, that daily cries to heaven for vengeance. Yes ; as certain as Lucretia and Virginia were avenged, so shall we be ; but shall we obtain it by sitting idly down and hugging our chains ? No ! let us all be up, and doing. Doing what, you say ? Talking and voting ourselves geese ? No ; let us become wise, and then we shall become powerful. Let us enter into a solemn compact to educate our daughters, and tie the leaden weight of ignorance around our sons' necks. Beautiful, learned, witty, accomplished, who shall limit our power ? Wiser lawgivers than Justinian and Blackstone ; greater

statesmen than Webster or Jackson; braver and craftier monks than Luther and Loyola, shall spring up among us to elevate woman to her true position. The courts of justice are aiding us; teachers are daily murdered unavenged. Will men of genius and learning submit to such humiliation? No! the youth of our land will, ere long, be left without male teachers. One after another is retiring from the field; soon we shall be left alone in our glory. Let us prepare ourselves for the undertaking; let us burn the midnight lamp; let us devote all our energies to the instruction of our sex; let us become wise as serpents, gentle as doves, or fearless as eagles, as it may suit our purpose. Let us have no more noisy meetings; but stealthily and noiselessly let us glide from house to house, promulgating our doctrines and strengthening our power. [*Berta, Maggie, Annie, rush in.*]

BERTA. — O! mother! mother, Minny is dying. Do, come, mother; I gave her laudanum. I did not know it would kill her; indeed, I did not!

MARY. — Do, come, mother; do!

JINNY. — My God! my child dying! Dolt! idiot! what have I been doing! [*Exit all.*]

## SCENE III.

JULIA. — [Brings in the dead babe, and sings as she lays it out, and strews flowers.]

SONG. — (BARRY CORNWALL.)

“Like a rose sprang Minnie,  
From a blue May hour,  
Friendship, all her pride,  
Beauty, all her dower.

“Like a rose spread Minnie,  
Whom warm skies illumine,  
Like its breath in sweetness,  
Like its dye in bloom.

“Like a rose fell Minnie,  
Smit by winter cold,  
Pale and still she lieth,  
So her tale is told.

“O! ye careless mothers!  
Heed her death, her pain;  
Let's not tell her story  
A thousand times in vain.”

[*Exit Julia.*]

*Enter MOTHER; kneels by her child.*

JINNY. — O! my God, forgive me! forgive me for scorning, in my thirst for power, the divine privilege thou hast given every mother, of training her babes for heaven. Sanctify unto me my loss; and oh! enable me to educate my little band, not

for dominion and power on earth, but for meek and gentle followers of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."~

~~~~~

### DEATH. — (LEIGH HUNT.)

Death is a road our dearest friends have gone;  
 Why, with such leaders, fear to say "Lead on?"  
 Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried;  
 But turns in balm on the immortal side.  
 Mothers have pass'd it; fathers, children, men,  
 Whose like we look not to behold again;  
 Women that smiled away their loving breath,—  
 Soft is the travelling on the road of Death.

~~~~~

### GHOSTS.

#### *Persons Represented.*

MOTHER.	MARY.	MAGGIE.
MAID.	JINNY.	LOTTY.
JULIA.	ANNIE.	ELLEN.
ELIZA.	BABE.	CYNTHIA.
NURSE.	BOBBY.	ROBERTA.

MAID. — [*Looking around.*] Lozzy massy!  
 I neber seed the like. Missus' fixens all ober dis  
 here house.

**MISTRESS.** — Sally ! Sally ! do you hear ?

**SALLY.** — O ! you need not be hallooing, for I hasn't found de fus one of dem bordered furbelows ; and now I does edicate on de subject, I disremember stuffing dem in dat window ; cos why ? to keep out dis drefful cold.

*Enter MISTRESS, beautifully attired.*

**MISTRESS.** — Why do you persist in this disorderly way ; you are compelled to hunt, hunt, all day long.

**SALLY.** — Lozzy, missus, I duzzent desist ; its just case I can't help it.

**MISTRESS.** — I really believe I shall be compelled to get a pack of hounds to scent out your numerous hiding-places.

**SALLY.** — Now the lordy don't, missus. Ise scented and worried nuf now ; and if dem dumful beasts once get after me, I sure I clean loss my senses.

**MISTRESS.** — Well, Sally, if you will try my plan, and "have a place for everything, and put everything in its place," I will say no more about the dogs.

**SALLY.** — Be sure I will, Missus, that same thing 'stantly ; but when I does hab a place, I neber puts dem in it ; so it's no use at all, as I sees on.

**MISTRESS.** — Sally, do make haste, I'm so impatient to be off. Your master is getting very

angry ; look in the most out-of-the-way place — be quick !

SALLY. — Dere now, missus ; you see it was rite in de way, and, 'as I said afore, in de same place whar I puts it.

MISTRESS. — Well ! well ! this is too bad ; my beautiful scarf, that I paid thirty dollars for. I do hope you will not find it convenient to put it in such a miserable hole again.

SALLY. — No, indeed, missus, I neber does dat, case I can't find de same place again.

MISTRESS. — Now, Sally, put my room in complete order ; let nothing be out of place when I return.

SALLY. — No, indeed, missus ; I 'sponsible for dat room looking mighty spry when you gets home. [*Exit Mistress — Sally bowing very low.*]

SALLY. — Dat's for dem dogs, what I ain't gwine to nigh hab about me, sniffing at my heels.

Well, just to pass de time, I believe I try on all missus' new dresses, and 'nounce Miss Sally to Uncle Tom, coz as how he's all de fashun ; for 'missus dress grand just for go see *him*. I spose I marry dat nigger just for de *fashun* ; for I knows I natterly hates him.

*Enter JULIA and LIZZIE.*

JULIA. — On to the field, the foe is gone,  
Flaunting her garments all of lawn.

LIZZIE. — We shall have such glorious times. I

am so glad when ma vacates and leaves her treasures.

JULIA.—Trains, and silks, and rubies rare,  
Shall follow in our train as light as air.

LIZZIE. — I wonder why ma won't let us come out. She says we must finish our education first. Woe ! woe ! for poor me.

JULIA. — I hope she does not expect me to ape wisdom with her modest garb. I prefer the peafowl's gaudy plumes, for thereby hangs a tail ; O ! a trail I should say. [*Arranges her trail and floats about the room.*]

LIZZIE. — I am going to try the effect of ma's plumes. The solidity of my upper story is rather more than is generally admired. I will lighten it with feathers. [*Tossing her head and dancing.*]

JULIA. — What a sensation two such stars will produce. Rather shallow and light-made for the age. "Man wants no rivals here below."

LIZZIE. — Why, Siss, how in wisdom's name did you get your dress so long.

JULIA. — I accidentally rip out a small tuck every day.

NURSE enters ; listens.

NURSE. — You does, does you ; ha ! ha ! young missus. Well now, de berry next time you make me mad, I gwine straight tell on you.

LIZZIE. — You love us too much ; you cannot do it.

NURSE. — Well, my babies, we'll see, we'll see.

*Children rushing in, all talking at once.*

CHILDREN. — Tell us the ghost story.

BOBBY. — Mammy, ain't you never going to tell us the ghost story.

BABE. — I'm so tired I'm going to sit here:

ANNA. — Don't tell a ghost story; I'm so afraid.

JINNY. — No you ain't.

MOLLY. — Yes, we are afraid, Jinny; but then I like to hear such dreadful stories. [*All cry, go on! go on!*]

NURSE. — No; I won't go on; I won't be drib by such sassy things.

ANNA. — We'll be so good, mammy.

MOLLY. — Yes; you do tell such frightful things; come, good mammy, my hair stands on end thinking about them.

NURSE. — Well, honeys, I believe I will, just to satisfy you.

LIZZIE. — [*Coming forward.*] I say, mammy, do I look as pretty as ma?

JULIA. — And don't I look a thousand times prettier.

NURSE. — No, you young, 'ceited monkeys; if you trailed and sidled all day you could not look nigh so grandsome.

LIZZIE. — Fie, mammy! I never thought you'd run down your own children.

NURSE. — No; nor I doesn't, poor things; but you sees your mammy was my fus child, and she hab superior accomplishments nor any ob you.



JULIA. — O ! what a partial judge !

LIZZIE. — You are getting blind, mammy.

NURSE. — No ; I ain't one or t'other ; but I tells the wholesome truf. I spent the cream of my 'deavors on her, and you see what I brought her to.

CHILDREN. — Mammy, tell the ghost story.

MAGGIE. — Now, mammy ! now !

NURSE. — Well, once dere was a mean nigger oberseer what neber gum dem niggers nuffin but beatings, beatings !

ANNA. — Didn't he give them something to eat ?

NURSE. — No, honeys, nuffin ! Well, dem niggers wor 'fraid of him, I tells you ; if he winks his eye so, dey jumps up in de air, so you can't but see dem legs.

BABE. — But, mammy, the ghosts you were going to tell about ?

NURSE. — O ! you's too suasant ; can't you wait a bit ?

JINNY. — Yes ; so you tell about spirits.

NURSE. — Well, dat oberseer call in one. poor nigger, Dinah, and her child, and cos his spirits hab leaked out ob de jug, and she neber taste none case it was so mean, he beats her to def.

BABE. — O ! what a shame !

NURSE. — Well, den, as he wor mad, he cook and frize four dozen niggers for dancing ; for he mighty 'ligious at times.

MOLLY. — What did he cook them for ?

NURSE. — O ! child, ces, to talk about; dat's what eberyting's done for now.

JINNY. — Do you believe that story, mammy ?

NURSE. — Sartin I does ; so I just stop now.

MAGGIE. — No, mammy, don't stop.

JINNY. — Pray, go on, can't you ?

ANNA. — Do, good mammy, go on.

BOBBY. — I'll just smash this glass if you stop.

NURSE. — The little dears are so 'suasive. Well, after cooking dem, and frying dem, and stewing dem niggers, he gets tired and goes to bed.

MOLLY. — O ! I know the good part is coming !

JINNY. — Yes ; I know.

ANNA. — And it was dark as pitch.

BABE. — You could not see your own face.

BOBBY. — And it was thundering and lightning.

NURSE. — Now ain't them dears wisdomful ?

CHILDREN. — Go on ! go on, mammy !

NURSE. — Well, he hadn't slept no time afore he waked rite up.

JINNY. — O ! I'm so glad !

NURSE. — And dar set de spirit of Dinah on him, squinching de bref all out ob him. [*Children look around as if afraid.*] Dare comes de old Satin wif him big horns, coming along wif him cloven foot, and gripes de bref wif him fist.

BOBBY. — But, mammy, where was the fried ones ?

NURSE. — Dar comes de fried ones, forming a session, and looking mighty solemn and feared too.

Den dey groans and rattle dar chains, like de lime-juice ob dar affections were all gone out ob dem.

*Children scream ; enter five Ghosts.*

1st SPIRIT. — I'm the ghost of fried Dinah, come to hant you.

2d SPIRIT. — Dis nigger hab cum back to hab plenty vengeance ; for dat fat wor mighty hot.

3d SPIRIT. — I here to-night, for why ? Case I so fursty, and I spec dat jug am got sumfin in. We drink to dat oberseer's hef.

4th SPIRIT. — Ise a spirit of darkness come to torment you.

5th SPIRIT. — Ain't you feard ob me, Mr. Oberseer, when you see me come back from dat big stew. [*Door bell rings ; Ghosts all run.*]

NURSE. — De lorzy massy ; dere comes missus home, and de children not in bed. Run, my babies.

*Enter MISTRESS ; looking around.*

JULIA. — What a company to meet at our *débat*.

LIZZIE. — Shall we reign over spirits of darkness ?

JULIA. — No ; rather don our school-girl dress, and be simple, obedient children again.

MOTHER. — A wise conclusion, dear children. I have learned wisdom from seeing how poorly fashion pays her votaries.

“ That many-headed, monstrous thing,

O ! who would wish to be a king,

And rule this common fool.”

## BUILDING OF THE SHIP.—(LONGFELLOW.)

WITH oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole.

\* \* \* \* \*

And lo! from the assembled crowd,  
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
Take her, O! bridegroom, old and gray!  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth, with all her charms;  
How beautiful she is! how fair!  
She lies within those arms that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou, too, sail on, O! ship of state!  
Sail on, O! union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all its hope of future years,  
Is hovering breathless on thy fate.  
We know what master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat  
In what a forge, in what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale.  
In spite of rock, and tempest roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,  
Our hearts and hopes are all with thee.  
Our hearts and hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

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## THE DEPARTED.

THE departed! the departed!  
They come to us in dreams,  
And they flit across our memories  
Like shadows over streams.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
Still on me sweetly fall,  
Their tones of love I faintly hear,  
My name in sadness call.

I know that they are happy,  
With their angel-plumage on,  
But my heart is very desolate,  
To think that they are gone.

## BOOKS.—(MILTON.)

Books are not absolutely dead things ; but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

I know that they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth ; and, being sown up and down, may chance to bring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a book.

Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature — God's image ; but he who destroys a good book, destroys reason itself ; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.

Many a man lives, a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which, whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecutions we raise against the living labors of public men ; how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved, and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may thus be committed, sometimes a

martyrdom ; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends, not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself ; slays an immortality rather than life.

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MAUD MULLER. — (WHITTIER.)

MAUD Muller, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.  
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health ;  
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mocking-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White, from its hill-slope, looking down,  
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,  
And a nameless longing filled her breast.  
A wish that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane,  
He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,  
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin-cup,  
And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.  
Thanks ! said the Judge, a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,  
Of the singing birds, and the humming bees ;  
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather ;  
And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.  
At last, like one who, for delay,  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.  
Maud Muller looked and sighed, " Ah, me !  
That I the Judge's bride might be."

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine ;  
My father should wear a broadcloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat.  
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."  
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still,



"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,  
Show her wise, and good, as she is fair,  
Would she were mine, and I, to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay ;  
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues ;

" But low of cattle, and song of birds,  
And health, and quiet, and loving words."   
But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold ;  
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love tune,  
And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.  
He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion as he for power ;

Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go,  
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.  
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms,

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain ;  
"Ah ! that I were free again ;  
Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door ;  
But care, and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.  
And oft when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,  
In the shade of the apple-tree again,  
She saw a rider draw his rein,  
And-gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;  
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned ;  
And for him who sat by the chimney-log,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law ;  
Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, " It might have been."  
Alas ! for maiden ! alas ! for judge !  
For rich repiner, and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
 Who vainly the dreams of youth recall  
 For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
 The saddest are these, "It might have been !"  
 Ah ! well for us all, some sweet hope lies  
 Deeply buried from human eyes ;  
 And, in the hereafter, angels may  
 Roll the stone from its grave away !

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## THE EXAMINATION.

### *Characters Represented.*

MRS. GOODMAN.

MRS. SMART.

LUCY.

MRS. GRACE.

MRS. GOODMAN *and her daughter* LUCY. [*Enter*  
 MRS. SMART.]

MRS. GOODMAN.—How do you do, Mrs. Smart ?

MRS. SMART.—O ! very well ; how are you all ?

MRS. GOODMAN.—Very well ; take a seat.

LUCY.—I hear you went to the examination at the Grove. Do tell us all about it, and what you thought of the scholars and teachers.

MRS. SMART.—That is just what I came to tell you about. I was so much disappointed. I have very often had much better examinations myself.

MRS. GOODMAN.—Is it possible !

MRS. SMART.—Certainly ! I wish you could

have seen how the children behaved, and some of the people, too ; there was such crowding, and pushing, and knocking, that my clothes were nearly torn off of me. Some of the children were pouting, some talking, and some surveying their fine clothes. Indeed, you will never catch me in such a crowd again.

MRS. GOODMAN. — But tell us something about the lessons ; how did the scholars acquit themselves in their examination ? I have heard that Mrs. Grace has some very good scholars, and that in grammar, particularly, her scholars always excel.

MRS. SMART. — Grammar, indeed ; they know no more about grammar than my old shoe ; to speak to you candidly, I do not think Mrs. Grace herself a first rate grammarian. If I were her friends I would advise her to go to school two more years at least.

MRS. GOODMAN. — Indeed ! we have been told that Mrs. Grace was a very good scholar. I have been thinking of sending Lucy to her to study French and grammar.

MRS. SMART. — Well, you had better send her somewhere else to study grammar ; and, as for French, you have no idea how long it takes to learn it perfectly. I thought I knew all about French until I went to Louisiana, and then I found there was so much to learn that I gave it up in disgust.

MRS. GOODMAN. — We might, on that principle,

give up all studies; for I presume there is no one so foolish as to imagine that he can become perfect in any study. I do not expect Lucy to become a good French scholar, as I can send her only one session; but I think she can learn enough to read French books; and then the exercise of translating strengthens a girl's mind, and gives her greater facility in expressing her ideas, both in conversation and writing. Burns acquired a very considerable knowledge of French in two weeks. She may never see a Frenchman in her life, and, therefore, I am indifferent as it regards the pronunciation.

LUCY. — Tell us, Mrs. Smart, what you thought of the dialogues and speeches.

MRS. SMART. — Dear me! I almost died of weariness before they were through; and such speaking! One girl didn't know her piece; one nearly fainted; another got a hot potato in her throat, so that she could not proceed. Girls have no business, any how, reciting like so many boys; it looked horrible, I can tell you. There was Polly Migs; I should think that girl was made of brass; she jumped up and read a composition not fit for a baby, without once blushing; and then Peggy Piper! bless you, I came home, and found every word of her composition in a book.

LUCY. — Did you, indeed?

MRS. SMART. — Certainly! but I do not blame her so much as her teacher, for suffering her to steal so shamefully; she ought to know better;

people who steal compositions will get to stealing something else, and finally be hung!

LUCY. — Do you really think so, Mrs. Smart?

MRS. SMART. — Certainly, child; but let me tell you about the dressing; that did beat all else. Mercy on me! dresses to their knees; and some had on half a bushel of ribbons, if they had on one; others, who had on new gloves, must cypher in them, to show them off. "Cats in mittens catch no mice," said I, to myself; and it was catching, sure enough; many of them did not know what they were after, and could not read their answers on the black-board when they were finished; but hark! don't you hear some one knocking? Let me look out of the window and see who is coming. Mrs. Grace, as I live! How I hate that woman; I must be off. [Exit.]

MRS. GRACE. — Good morning, ladies. Ah! how comfortable you look.

LUCY. — Take a seat; how glad we are to see you!

MRS. GOODMAN. — You are always welcome everywhere.

LUCY. — I am sorry you were not here a little sooner; Mrs. Smart has just left. She has been giving us a description of Mrs. Home's examination; and a horrible affair it was, according to her notions.

MRS. GRACE. — The hateful, spiteful creature! he thinks it makes people think her smart to be

able to find fault with every thing in creation. She puts me in mind of the dunce, who thought God should have made the oak bear pumpkins.

LUCY.—But did the children really act so badly?

MRS. GRACE.—The dear little creatures! I never was so delighted in my life. I have often paid a dollar, and not been half so well entertained.

LUCY.—Mrs. Smart said she was nearly killed with weariness and crowding; did they abuse you in the same way?

MRS. GRACE.—There was some crowding, to be sure; but not more than is usual on such occasions. But the dear little children made one forget everything when they recited so well. There was one little one, not much higher than this table, who was examined nearly through the arithmetic; another read more like an orator than a little child. There were many compositions written neatly, and without one blot, by very small children; and then the exhibition; I laughed until I cried.

LUCY.—Dear me, I wish I had been there; but the grammar: Did the children really know nothing about it, as Mrs. Smart said?

MRS. GRACE.—No, child; but she proved to the satisfaction of most of those present, that she knew very little about it herself, by asking the children some foolish questions, that no one could understand.

LUCY.—Well, her account is very different from yours.

MRS. GRACE. — Mrs. Smart, my dear, is one of those people who would find fault with Heaven, if they were there; and I would advise all such people to stay away from examinations.

LUCY.—But what did you think of the dialogues and poetry? Mrs. Smart said they were horrible.

MRS. GRACE. — Horrible, indeed! that was the most interesting part of the whole examination. I cannot conceive why young ladies should not learn to recite poetry as well as sing it. For my part, I enjoy the beauties of the poetry more in one case than in the other. "The voice of song is not sweeter" to me "than the voice of eloquence." One of the most celebrated divines of our country advises every family to practise these recitations, as affording a highly intellectual and cheap amusement, and one calculated to improve a nation more than inculcating a love of money, fine clothes, and jewelry. If Mrs. Smart had early acquired a love of poetry, she would not now be the envious, ill-natured creature she is, admiring neither the labors of man, nor thanking the great and good God, who has created this world so full of music, beauty, and life.



## THE SCOLDING WIFE.

(TRANSLATED FROM MOLIERE.)

*Persons Represented.*GANERELLE, . . . . . *The Husband.*MARTINE, . . . . . *The Wife.*ROBERT, . . . . . *The Meddler.*

GANERELLE. — No, madam, I am not going to do any such thing; and it is I who am going to be master in my own house!

MARTINE. — And I tell you that you must live a little according to *my* notion. I did not marry you to endure all your tricks.

GAN. — Oh! the misery of having a wife — and Aristotle spoke the truth when he said, “a woman is worse than the devil.”

MAR. — Behold a great man with his ninny of an Aristotle.

GAN. — Yes, a great man! Find me a wood-cutter who knows how to reason as I do, who has served six years a famous physician, and who knew his letters by heart in his youth.

MAR. — Pest with such an arrant fool!

GAN. — Pest with such a jade!

MAR. — Evil be to the day and hour when I took it into my head to say yes.

GAN. — Evil be to the fool of a clerk who made me sign my ruin.

MAR. — It is very well for *you* to complain! You should thank heaven every day that you have

me for a wife. Do you think you deserve such a wife as myself?

GAN. — It is true you did me too much honor; and I have had reason to congratulate myself from the very first day of our nuptials. Zounds! don't get me talking about that, I might tell you —

MAR. — What might you tell me?

GAN. — Fool! better let that chapter alone. I know what I know, and I know you were very happy to get me.

MAR. — Happy to get you? A man who has brought me to a poor-house; a drunkard, a traitor, who eats all I have.

GAN. — You lie; I drank a little of it.

MAR. — Who sells for me, piece by piece, everything I have in the house?

GAN. — We live by eating.

MAR. — Who has taken from me even my bed?

GAN. — You can get up the earlier in the morning.

MAR. — Who leaves me no furniture in the house?

GAN. — It is all the easier to keep house, love.

MAR. — And who, from morning until night, does nothing but drink and carouse?

GAN. — That is, so I may not get weary.

MAR. — And what do you wish me to do in the meantime with my family?

GAN. — What you please.

MAR. — I have four poor little children in my arms.

GAN. — Put them on the floor.

**MAR.** — Who ask every hour for bread ?

**GAN.** — Stuff them ; when I have eaten and drank enough, I want every one to be gluttoned about me.

**MAR.** — And you pretend, drunkard, that everything goes well.

**GAN.** — My wife, softly ! softly, if you please !

**MAR.** — Am I to endure, eternally, your insolence and drunkenness ?

**GAN.** — Don't let us get angry, my wife.

**MAR.** — Would that I had some means to bring you to a sense of your duty.

**GAN.** — You know, my wife, that I have not a very patient soul, and that my arm is strong enough.

**MAR.** — I laugh at your threats.

**GAN.** — My own little wife, you are trying for a beating now, as you often do.

**MAR.** — I'll let you see I fear nothing.

**GAN.** — My dear half, you are trying now to catch it.

**MAR.** — Do you think to frighten me with your words ?

**GAN.** — Sweet object of my vows, I'll box your ears.

**MAR.** — Drunkard that you are

**GAN.** — I'll beat you !

**MAR.** — Sack of wine !

**GAN.** — I'll sprinkle you !

**MAR.** — Infamous wretch !

**GAN.** — I'll —

MAR. — Traitor, liar, rogue, beast, drunkard, robber, murderer !

GAN. — Ah ! you will have it then !

MAR. — Ah ! ah ! ah ! [*Crying.*]

GAN. — [*Beating her.*] Behold the true means of making you hold your tongue.

*Enter ROBERT.*

ROBERT. — Hold ! hold ! what is this ? What an infamous wretch, to beat his wife thus !

MAR. — I want him to beat me.

ROBERT. — I consent to it with all my heart.

MAR. — Why do you interfere ?

ROBERT. — I was wrong.

MAR. — Is it any of your business ?

ROBERT. — No ; certainly not.

MAR. — What an impertinent fellow, to wish to keep husbands from beating their wives.

ROBERT. — I retract.

MAR. — What business is it of yours ?

ROBERT. — None.

MAR. — Why do you stick your nose in here ?

ROBERT. — I do not know.

MAR. — Attend to your own business.

ROBERT. — I have nothing more to say.

MAR. — It is my pleasure to be beaten, sir.

ROBERT. — I am willing.

MAR. — It costs you nothing.

ROBERT. — That is true.

MAR. — And you are a fool to meddle with what does not concern you. [*She strikes him.*]

ROBERT. — [*To Gan.*] I ask your pardon with all my heart. Beat her as much as it is necessary; I will assist you, if you like.

GAN. — I do not want any of your assistance.

ROBERT. — That is another thing.

GAN. — I wish to beat her if I wish to beat her; and I wish not to beat her if I wish not to beat her.

ROBERT. — Very well.

GAN. — It is my wife, and not yours.

ROBERT. — Without doubt.

GAN. — You have no right to command me.

ROBERT. — Granted.

GAN. — I want none of your aid.

ROBERT. — Very well.

GAN. — You are an impertinent fellow to meddle with other people's business. Remember, after this, not to put your finger between the tree and the wedge. [*Beats him.*]



## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

PORTIA. — By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NERISSA. — You would be, madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that

starve with nothing; it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.

PORTIA.—Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NERISSA.—They would be better if well followed.

PORTIA.—If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband; O, me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NERISSA.—Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA.—I pray thee, overname them, and as thou overnamest them, I will describe them, and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NERISSA.—First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA.—Ay! that's a colt indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

NERISSA.—Then there's the Count Palatine.

PORTIA.—He doth nothing but frown; he hears

merry tales, and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than either of these. God defend me from these two.

NERISSA. — How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA. — God made him; and, therefore, let him pass for a man; if a throstle sings, he falls straight to capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands; if he would despise me, I would forgive him; if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

NERISSA. — What say you to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA. — You know I say nothing to him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian. He is a handsome man; but alas! who can converse with a dumb show?

## NIGHT. — (LONGFELLOW.)

I SEE the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only,  
As the mist resembles rain.

Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and beautiful lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thought of day.

Not from the grand old master,  
Not from the bard sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridor of time;

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;



Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of care,  
Still heard in his ear the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The listless feeling of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume,  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,  
And quietly steal away.

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## SINGING GEOGRAPHY.

### *Characters Represented.*

MRS. MERCY.

MRS. FANCY.

MISS MARY.

MRS. MERCY. — Good morning, Mrs. Fancy; is your daughter Mary at home; I want to see her.

MRS. FANCY. — No, she is not at home; but do walk in, don't be in such a hurry.

MRS. MERCY. — I am in no great hurry; but where has Mary gone?

MRS. FANCY. — Lord bless us! didn't you know Mary was tending the great geography singing.

MRS. MERCY. — No, madam. How long has she been going?

MRS. FANCY. — They are having the examination to-day. I was mighty sorry I could not go. The teacher praises Mary powerfully. She knows all about geography. You did never hear a girl so smart in your life. She can sing every one of the capitals, and a mighty chance of other stuff I knows nothing about. She knows a grand sight more than Mr. Goodman, your great teacher.

MRS. MERCY. — She must be bright to learn in twelve lessons more than a man knows who has been teaching all his life, and has travelled all over our country, and *seen* most of the places of which Mary only knows the *names*.

MRS. FANCY. — I don't know, madam; the geography singer said so, any how.

MRS. MERCY. — How does he know? Has he ever seen Mr. Goodman?

MRS. FANCY. — No; he never has.

MRS. MERCY. — Then don't you think that comes very near telling a lie, for a man to assert as a truth, that about which he knows nothing.

MRS. FANCY. — Mighty close, that's a fact; but Mary has studied geography some before. I sent her to this school to finish off, 'cause the teacher

said he could larn her all about geography in two lessons.

MRS. MERCY. — If he knows anything about geography himself, he must know that he is not speaking the truth.

MRS. FANCY. — Wait till Mary comes, and then you can see for yourself, I tell you. Mary is perfect in geography, history, grammar, and some other things I forgets the names of now; but here she comes. Now you'll hear her sing everything in creation; she does beat all *nater*. [*To Mary.*] We was just waiting for you, Mary. Did you have a grand examination?

MARY. — Yes, that we did; and the teacher just dared any one to beat us.

MRS. FANCY. — Mary, I want you to sing some for Mrs. Mercy, and let her see how nice it goes.

[*Mary sings, Maine, Maine; Augusta, Augusta, Au-gus-ta, Au-gus-ta.*

New Hamp-shire, New Hamp-shire; Con-cord, Con-cord, &c.]

MRS. FANCY. — Now, what do you think of that?

MRS. MERCY. — With regard to the singing, that is what I should call murdering music. Do you know what a capital is? Is it a fish or a bird?

MARY. — I don't know; but I reckon it's a fish.

MRS. MERCY. — Ha! ha! I see you know all about geography. Can you tell me whether we are Jews, Christians, or Pagans?

MARY. — I don't know; we never sing that.

MRS. MERCY. — Can you tell me the cause of day and night?

MARY. — The rising and setting of the sun.

MRS. MERCY. — Does the sun go round the earth?

MARY. — To be sure.

MRS. FANCY. — I always knowed that myself, without studying geography.

MRS. MERCY. — But you are mistaken; it is the earth which turns around. Your mother says you are perfect in arithmetic. Do you know your multiplication table?

MARY. — I can say it from one end to the other as fast as I can speak.

MRS. MERCY. — How much are 9 times 5?

MARY. — Nine times 1 are 9 [*Repeats to the 5 times.*]

MRS. MERCY. — But cannot you tell me without saying the line down?

MARY. — I never learned it any other way.

MRS. MERCY. — Then I should not say you knew your multiplication table. Things learned in that parrot-like manner are of very little service; they do not learn you to *think*.

MARY. — That's just the very thing I hate. It is so much trouble to *think*. That's the reason I like singing geography; you don't have to *think!* *think!* all the time.

MRS. FANCY. — I wonder what one pays a teacher for, if it ain't to think for the little things?

MRS. MERCY. — To learn the little things to

think, you mean. Be assured, Mary, no one ever yet became a good scholar without first learning to think. You cannot play and study to advantage at the same time. I am not asking you these questions, Mary, merely to laugh at you ; but to show you how little you know. When one is puffed up with vanity and self-conceit, one cannot learn. Now, Mary, can you tell me the use of studying grammar ?

MARY. — To learn to parse.

MRS. MERCY. — And why do you learn to parse ?

MARY. — I am sure I don't know. I never was asked such hard questions as them is in my life.

MRS. MERCY. — It is to learn to speak and write correctly ; but I see plainly, by the last sentence you have spoken, that your grammar has been learned without thinking likewise.

MARY. — Ask me something about history. I know all about that.

MRS. MERCY. — What history have you been reading lately ?

MARY. — The history of Rome.

MRS. MERCY. — Can you tell me the names of some of the Roman Emperors ?

MARY. — Augustus, Cincinnatus.

MRS. MERCY. — But Cincinnatus was not a Roman emperor.

MARY. — I am very sure my history says so.

MRS. MERCY. — I am very sure, then, both you

and your history are mistaken. What Latin author have you been reading?

MARY. — Goldsmith.

MRS. MERCY. — But Goldsmith is an English historian; from what Latin author did he get his information?

MARY. — Via Roma! I reckon that's all the Latin book ever I seed.

MRS. MERCY. — Ha! ha! better still Then your knowledge of Roman history is confined to Goldsmith's abridgement.

MARY. — I never knowed there was any other.

MRS. MERCY. — Well, do you know who commanded our armies during the revolutionary war?

MARY. — General Jackson, to be sure. I've heard father say a thousand times how the General whipped the English into the little end of nothing at Orleans.

MRS. FANCY. — She knows all about them are things, I tell you; and did, ever since she was born. Hurrah for the General! Hurrah for the General!

MARY. — Hurrah for the General!

MRS. MERCY. — Ha! ha! ha! Hurrah for the General, sure enough!

## THE MISER.

TRANSLATED FROM MOLIERE.

*Persons Represented.*

HARPAGON.      CLEANT.      ELISE.

HARPAGON. — Hark ! I do not like the bark of that dog. How much uneasiness it gives a person to have a large sum of money about his house ; how happy is the man who has all his money put out at interest, and keeps only enough to defray his expenses. There is not in all my house a safe place. As for coffers, they look suspicious, and I do not wish to excite suspicion ; and they are always the first things that robbers attack. In the meantime, I do not know whether I have done right to bury in my garden ten thousand dollars ; ten thousand dollars is a sum enough. [*Perceiving Elise and Cleant.*] O ! heavens ! I have betrayed myself ; my warmth carries me away, and I believe I speak aloud when I reason with myself. [*To Cleant.*] What is that ?

CLEANT. — Nothing, father.

HAR. — Have you been there long ?

ELISE. — No ; we just now came.

HAR. — You have heard ?

CLEANT. — What, father ?

HAR. — Oh !

ELISE. — What !

HAR. — That I just now said.

CLEANT. — No !

HAR. — Very well ! very well !

ELISE. — Pardon me.

HAR. — I see very well that you have heard some words that I was saying to myself about the difficulty of getting money ; and I said the man was very happy who had ten thousand dollars about his house.

CLEANT. — We did not hear anything.

HAR. — I am very glad to hear you say that ; for I do not want you to miscontrue things, and imagine that I said I had ten thousand 'dollars.

CLEANT. — We do not meddle with your business.

HAR. — Would to God I had ten thousand dollars !

CLEANT. — I do not believe —

HAR. — It would be a fine thing for me.

ELISE. — These are things —

HAR. — I have great need of it.

CLEANT. — I think that —

HAR. — It would accommodate me very much.

ELISE. — You are —

HAR. — I complain, as I have reason to, that the times are miserable.

CLEANT. — Mercy on us, father ! you have no right to complain ; every person knows you have plenty of money.

HAR. — How ! I plenty of money ! Whoever says so, tells a lie ! There is nothing more false ; they are rogues who spread such reports.



ELISE. — Do not get angry.

HAR. — It is strange that my own children betray me and become my enemies.

ELISE. — Do you call that being your enemy, to say that you have plenty of money?

HAR. — Yes; such discourses and your extravagance will cause my throat to be cut one of these days, thinking I have dollars sewed all over me.

CLEANT. — What great expense do I put you to?

HAR. — What! is there anything more scandalous than that equipage in which you drive through the streets; but what is still worse, and what cries to heaven for vengeance, is your dress from head to foot. There is enough on you to set a man up in business. I have told you twenty times, my son, that all your actions displease me. You assume the airs of a king; and, in order to dress as you do, I know you must rob me.

CLEANT. — What! in the name of heaven, rob you!

HAR. — How do I know? Where, then, do you get the money to dress as you do?

CLEANT. — I, my father; I play well, and, as I am very lucky, I put all I earn on my person.

HAR. — That is very foolish. If you make money by play, you should save it and put it out at interest. I should like very well to know of what use are all the buttons with which you are belarded from head to foot? Is not one button enough to fasten up your breeches? Is it necessary to spend

money for a wig when one has hair of his own, which costs nothing. I bet that wig did not cost less than ten dollars.

CLEANT. — That it did.

HAR. — Well, let us speak of something else. [*Aside.*] (Ah! I believe they are making signs to rob me of my purse.) What do you mean by those gestures?

CLEANT. — We were deciding which should speak first, my sister or myself, as we both have something to say to you.

HAR. — And I have something also to say to both of you.

ELISE. — It is about marriage, my father, that we desire to speak to you.

HAR. — It is about marriage that I want you to listen.

ELISE. — Ah! father.

HAR. — Why scream out so? Is that such an awful word, my daughter? Are you frightened at it; marry! marry! it sounds very well.

CLEANT. — We are neither of us afraid of getting married, but we fear you will not let us marry as we like.

HAR. — Have a little patience; don't be alarmed. You shall neither of you have a right to complain. Well, to begin; have you seen a young lady called Mariana, who lives not far from here?

CLEANT. — Yes, father.

HAR. — And you?

ELISE. — I have spoken to her.

HAR. — How do you like this young lady, my dear son?

CLEANT. — She is a charming creature.

HAR. — Her face —

CLEANT. — It beams with intelligence.

HAR. — Her air and her manner?

CLEANT. — Admirable, without doubt.

HAR. — Do you not think such a girl worth thinking about?

CLEANT. — Yes, my dear father.

HAR. — She would be a good match.

CLEANT. — Very.

HAR. — Would make a good, economical wife?

CLEANT. — Without doubt.

HAR. — But there is one difficulty. I fear she is not as wealthy as they pretend.

CLEANT. — Ah! my father! what is wealth to a good wife.

HAR. — Well, I am very glad to find you of my opinion; for I am resolved to marry her if I find her wealthy.

CLEANT. — Ha!

HAR. — What?

CLEANT. — You are resolved, did you say?

HAR. — To marry Mariana.

CLEANT. — What! you! you! you!

HAR. — Yes; I! I! I! Who else should I mean?

CLEANT. — I am utterly astonished !

HAR. — That is nothing ! Go ! go to the kitchen, and get a great glass of clear, cold water ! ha ! The boy wants her himself ! ha ! ha !



## A LADY.

A LADY should be possessed of many qualifications, both mental and physical. In the first place, she must have a well cultivated mind, that is, a mind well stored with useful knowledge ; and by useful knowledge we mean, not a knowledge of the actions and sayings of her neighbors, but such a knowledge as will enable her to converse pleasantly and agreeably with any intelligent stranger with whom she may meet. And to do this, she must, in the first place, understand English grammar, or she will be liable to make many mistakes when speaking ; and what is more ridiculous than to hear a lady, who pretends to be one, talking like a Hottentot.

Next comes Geography ; for the distant parts of the earth are now so intimately connected by steamboats and railroads, that the young lady who knows nothing of geography cannot conceal her ignorance.

Next comes Philosophy. Of this, a lady must not be ignorant ; for if she is, she can know nothing of any of the great and wonderful discoveries of the

present century. How can she, who knows nothing of those worlds that in music and beauty glide through infinite space, even realize the greatness of that God who has made both them and her. She gazes at the moon, as she glides through the blue vault of heaven, without understanding one of her changes or their cause. The book of Nature is sealed to her; the suns to other worlds she calls spangles; the moon a shilling; and of the bow, the symbol of God's mercy, as it spans the heavens, she knows no more than the poor Indian. She wonders why people put lightning rods to their houses, and opens her eyes and mouth when she hears of the Magnetic Telegraph and Daguerreotype without being able to understand anything about them.

A lady should know something of Chemistry, or she cannot understand many of the simplest operations she sees going on around her, as the making of a soda-biscuit, gas-lights, balloons, &c. As the spheres speak to her of the omnipotence of God, so should the law of definite proportions tell of his omniscience.

A lady must be conversant with History, or she cannot understand the conversation of intellectual persons with whom she may meet, or many passages she sees every day in newspapers; the beauty of many poetical works is lost to her. Who that knows nothing of history can understand Milton, Pollock, or Young. There is no other study that

adds more to the brilliancy and usefulness of a lady's conversation than this. The good historian always has a fund of useful and entertaining conversation for the stranger. I have seen ladies, (that is, by their dress, you might have mistaken them for ladies), who, thirty miles from home, knew no more than idiots. While others were conversing pleasantly and agreeably, their countenances looked as blank as squaws'. They had plenty of foolish chat about their neighbors, but, unfortunately, you did not know their neighbors; whereas the great, who live in the annals of history, are known to all who read. With the historian we soon find topics of absorbing interest; but how can she "who knows nothing of importance converse about anything of importance."

A lady must know how to write a correct letter, keep accounts, sew neatly, and teach children.

Of the accomplishments, Music, Painting, Poetry, and Dancing, a lady should endeavor to know something; these are the flowers that adorn the plant after the roots and branches have spread, and the green leaves are there to protect them. The child, whose chief attention is devoted to the acquiring of accomplishments before the solid parts of her education are commenced, reminds us of the little flower that shoots its head above the ground before the leaves are up to protect it; the first frost destroys all its beauty.

We have now spoken of the mental qualities of -

the lady, we will next say something of her manners, which should be polished and agreeable; and, in order that they may be so, she must, in the first place, have a kind heart. She who has not this will be rude to her inferiors and fawning to her superiors; she will laugh at the poor, envy the rich, and do many other things that are very unlady-like. It is very difficult for the ill-tempered, selfish woman to assume the manners of a lady, or acquire those kind, gentle, and winning ways, that make us love her. The selfish may assume; but it is only gilding—the true gold is not there, and never will be, until care, trouble, and the grace of God soften her heart.

A lady is never noisy. An old poet once speaking of a young girl, remarked that he knew she was a lady, for her step was as light as a fawn's. Scott, in describing the Lady of the Lake, says:

“E'en the light hare bell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread.”

A lady never makes haste to talk; she speaks only at proper times, and endeavors rather to draw others into conversation than to converse herself, for she is modest. The fireside and social circle are woman's. These she should endeavor to render pleasant and happy. Around the hearth and table a lady draws all the graces; wit, to enliven us, poetry, to charm, and music, to soothe and beguile.

## THE SLANDERER.

*Characters Represented.*

MISS SPITE.

MISS HOMES.

KATE.

CHILD.

MISS SPITE. — I am so glad you are in town to-day ; this is a great day for visiting. You will see more of the world than you could see in a whole lifetime in the country.

KATE. — I know I shall be delighted ; I have often desired to come to town and see something of the world.

MISS SPITE. — Hark ! some one is knocking at the door. I do think some people have very little sense. They had better come before I can get my night-cap off. Only half after ten ! but here they are. [*Runs to meet, and kisses Miss Homes.*] How do you do, Miss Homes ? I am so glad to see you and the little one too. Now isn't she a darling ! what a beauty, I declare ! Let me introduce you to my cousin from the country. Miss Homes, Miss Kate Young. Let me take your bonnets ; you have come to spend the day, I know. How delighted mother will be !

MISS HOMES. — We cannot stay to-day. I am invited to a party this evening, and must return soon.

MISS SPITE. — I suppose you are going to the party at Mr. Fames' ?



MISS HOMES. — Yes, I am going ; are not you ?

MISS SPITE. — No, certainly not ; mother would not let me go for the world.

MISS HOMES. — Why not, pray ?

MISS SPITE. — O ! nothing of importance ; some old story, I suppose. But mother is a woman who never forgets such things. She vexes me very much sometimes. I do not see the use of remembering people's sins forever, myself.

MISS HOMES. — You astonish me ! I thought nothing could be said about the Fames. They are certainly a very intelligent family.

MISS SPITE. — Very intelligent, certainly. You know if they had not something to recommend them, they would not pass in society as they do. I have no doubt their house will be crowded this evening by people who are not *very* particular.

MISS HOMES. — It is strange I never heard of it before.

MISS SPITE. — Yes, very ! How old is your little sister, Miss Homes ?

MISS HOMES. — Six, this May.

MISS SPITE. — A May flower, sure enough. How like you she is !

MISS HOMES. — You flatter me, certainly.

MISS SPITE. — Have you heard, Miss Homes, that Lieutenant Fame has returned from Mexico ? They say it is for him this party has been given, and that he is to be married in a few weeks.

MISS HOMES. — It is strange! I have heard nothing about it.

CHILD. — O! that's sister's beau! I love him so much. He asked me if he might have sister long ago, and I told him yes.

MISS SPITE. — Hold your tongue, you little magpie! look how you make sister blush. I expect it is all a mistake about his going to be married; but he is always engaging himself to every girl he sees. I don't think, by the time he marries, he will have much heart left for his poor, dear wife, whoever she may be.

MISS HOMES. — Coquetry I can hardly endure in females, but nothing gives me a more contemptible opinion of a man.

MISS SPITE. — Shows a weak brain, certainly; but they say that was just the way his father did before him, and only see what a wretched time his wife has of it.

MISS HOMES. — Does she, indeed?

MISS SPITE. — People say they quarrel like dog and cat.

MISS HOMES. — It is astonishing how deceitful men are. I always thought him one of the best-hearted old men I ever saw.

MISS SPITE. — That's just the way with all the rest; sweet as honey to your face, but look out when your back is turned.

CHILD. — Come, sister, you know you said you would only stay five minutes. I am sure I saw

George Fame knocking at our door. I want to see him ; come ! come !

MISS HOMES. — Well, if you want to see him so much you had better go without me, for I care very little myself.

CHILD. — I thought you loved George too, sister. I am sure, anyhow, I heard you tell him you should love him always. Do you forget, sister, that very day he went to the war ?

MISS HOMES. — Surely, Mary, you are beyond endurance. I don't think, my lady, you shall come with me again. Good morning, ladies ; you must excuse me this morning. [*Exit.*]

MISS SPITE — Ha ! ha ! ha ! didn't you see how she blushed. I have found out the secret. But won't the little one catch it.

MISS KATE. — I thought you were very sorry that you were not invited to the party ?

MISS SPITE. — So I was ; and I wanted to prevent her going, they all think so much of her ; and then I knew Mr. George's fun for the evening would be spoiled if she were not there. I am resolved to break off that match if I can. Now won't I have a fine story to tell ; told him she'd love him always ; dear me ! won't it make a laugh ! I'll tell it to every person I see to-day. People have enough to say about her now. Didn't you see how she blushed when I said the child was like her. I knew she had heard what was said.

MISS KATE. — I like her very much; you certainly won't repeat what the child said?

MISS SPITE. — I certainly shall; what fun it will be!

MISS KATE. — But what was that you told her about old Mr. Fame? I heard your father say this morning, that George was just like his father, and would make a good, kind husband.

MISS SPITE. — Yes; he's always talking to me about George, because I would not have him; but to tell you a secret, Kate, he wasn't a great man *then*, and I did not want him, as nobody else wanted him; but now he looks much improved, quite like a Spanish Don. I should soon have him at my feet again if I could contrive to make Miss Homes send him off. How I do hate her!

MISS KATE. — You ran and kissed her. I was sure it was a dear friend.

MISS SPITE. — Nonsense, child, you don't know the ways of the world.

MISS KATE. — And hope I never shall.

MISS SPITE. — Well, I have made a good beginning. I don't think Master George will be welcomed quite so warmly as he anticipated. Said she'd love him always! ha! ha! I must run and tell mamma what I have found out. I shall be back directly.

MISS KATE. — Yes; truly have I seen more in town in a few hours than I could see in the country in a lifetime; for never before have I seen so much

deceit. How my heart aches to be at home with those I love, and by whom, I am sure, I am beloved! How bitter to me would all this pomp be, surrounded by so much hollow-heartedness and deceit! I should soon die in such an atmosphere, with none to love or trust.

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## THE AFFECTED FAMILY.

### *Persons Represented.*

FANNY.

SALLY.

MOTHER.

NANCY.

MARY.

MOTHER AND SERVANTS.

FANNY. — Mother, I wish you would make Sally hold her tongue. She is plaguing me about having a red head.

SALLY. — Well, your head is red.

MOTHER. — It is not red, Sally; it is only a beautiful auburn.

SALLY. — Well, it is a great pity it is not a little lighter, and then it would be corn-colored, just the fashion! ha! ha! Only think of the bliss of having a fashionable head!

FANNY. — You'd better not get my temper up, Miss, or I'll make your eyes as red as my head. You are always trying to vex me and make me mad.

MOTHER. — Dear ! dear ! what girls ! what shall I do with them ? Well, I live in the hope that some one will marry them one of these days.

SALLY. — I do not know who would marry a skeleton.

FANNY. — I do not know who would marry a lump of fat.

MOTHER. — Hush ! don't you hear the bell ring. People in the street will hear you quarrelling.

SALLY. — I do wonder who it is ?

MOTHER. — Peep out of the window, Fanny, and see.

FANNY. — Bless me ! if it ain't Mrs. Newman and her two nieces ! the most fashionable people in town. We must all run and dress. [*Exit all.*]

*Enter ladies and servant.*

MRS. NEWMAN. — [*To the servant.*] Take our cards to the ladies.

NANCY. — Now don't you look at me, Mary, and make me laugh when they enter.

MRS. N. — What do you expect to find so entertaining ?

MARY. — This is the affected family, aunt ; and you will see and hear as much to laugh at as at any monkey-show you ever went to.

NANCY. — We came here, aunt, just to have sport.

MRS. N. — A very laudable object, certainly.

MARY. — Hush !

*Enter FANNY and SALLY.*

SALLY. — Ah ! we are ravished to see you, dear young ladies.

NANCY. — Let me introduce you to my aunt.  
[*Introduces.*]

FANNY. — Delighted to see you, dear Mrs. Newman. Mamma will be in directly ; she is so fond of reading, that she forgets to dress until some one comes in. I understand you are very fond of books, Mrs. Newman. Do tell us, dear madam, what you think of Humboldt's Cosmos. We have been reading it for several days, and can think of nothing else.

SALLY. — We were just discussing its merits when you were announced.

MRS. N. — I am glad to find there are some young ladies who read something beside novels. I have never read anything which gave me so much pleasure.

FANNY. — Neither did I ; and dear little Rose and Blanche, how sweet they must have looked ! so fair and interesting, all in black. Mamma calls Sally and I, Rose and Blanche. I was going to get me a suit of black throughout ; but mamma said it would make her think that our dear papa was dead, and she would weep herself to death ; but here comes mamma. Now don't say anything to her about it, she is so sensitive.

*Enter* MRS. AFFECTATION; FANNY *rising, and introducing her mother.*

MRS. A. — We are transported to see you, dear Mrs. N. I have heard you so often spoken of as a lady of rare intelligence, that I feel already a congeniality of sentiment between us. You know there are so few here who appreciate *mind*. I often wish we lived in a large city, where we could find more congenial society. I sometimes regret having spent so much money on my daughters' education. I don't see that they show off any better than some girls that don't know nothing.

MRS. N. — I do not regard showing off as the object of an education. I read in my Bible that people have to account for time and talents as well as for the most heinous sins. I think it the duty of every mother to give her child as good an education as she can afford.

MRS. A. — O! yes, certainly. Fanny has a great talent for music; you must see how well she has cultivated it. Come, Fanny, play some for the ladies.

NANCY and MARY. — Do, Miss Fanny.

FANNY. — Indeed, ladies, I cannot sing.

MRS. A. — Why, Fanny, Mr. Stylum said only yesterday, that you were the best singer he ever heard.

FANNY. — La! ma.

SALLY. — Do, dear sister.

MRS. A. — Come, Fanny dear, do.



FANNY. — I cannot play one tune without my notes.

MRS. A. — Betty ! Betty ! bring the music ! You see, dear madam, she has been taught the science.

NANCY. — Come, Miss Fanny, here is the music.

SALLY. — Sing "Be kind to the loved ones," dear Fanny.

FANNY. — No, indeed, dear Sally ; I can never play that without shedding tears. You know I never play *that* for company ; quite impossible.

MOTHER. — My poor, dear child, what will ever become of you in this hard-hearted world. Don't you think, dear madam, it is a great misfortune to have too kind a heart ?

MRS. N. — Most people have too little rather than too much, I think.

MRS. A. — That is very true ; and that is the reason the warm-hearted are doomed to suffer so much. But, daughter, this time you must let Mrs. Newman hear how you can play. [*Miss Fanny plays and sings very affectedly.*]

MISS MARY. — Have you ever heard Miss Denning sing that song ?

MRS. A. — We never visit that family. Don't you know her father was a doctor ?

MRS. N. — Yes ; certainly. What of that ?

MRS. A. — We never visit people that work for a living.

FANNY. — Perhaps you don't know that our

mother was a real English lady, of the Howard family?

SALLY. — And always scorned to mingle with doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and such upstarts.

MARY. — I suppose, then, you would not have spoken to Franklin; for he was a mechanic.

FANNY. — No, indeed!

MRS. A. — I have a great deal of my old grandmother about me, and don't have nothing to do with such low people.

MRS. N. — And I have a great deal of my old grandfather, who was a stalwart blacksmith; and, like him, I have a contempt for presuming ignorance and foolish affectation.

MRS. A. — A blacksmith! horrible! and I have been entertaining in my house the daughter of a blacksmith! Get me some cologne, Suky! O! dear! O! dear!

FANNY. — O! dear! poor ma! dear ma will die!

SALLY. — Shocking! shocking! we are disgraced forever! Some water, Suky. [*Ladies laughing, and going out.*]

NANCY. — Did I not tell you we should have a monkey-show?

ALL THE AFFECTED FAMILY. — O! dear! O! dear! dear, dear me! O!

## THE ASCENSION OF ELIJAH.

MRS. C. L. HENTZ.

WHERE the deep rolling waters of Jordan were  
flowing,

Reflecting the azure of heaven in their flood,  
On its borders with verdure luxuriantly glowing,  
The prophets, Jehovah's blest delegates, stood,

Elijah, the fair land of promise beholding,  
The mantle of light from his shoulders unfurl'd,  
And sweeping around, all its glories unfolding,  
Afar o'er the reflux billows it curl'd.

The waters with majesty, murmuring, retreating,  
The silent, omnipotent mandate confess'd,  
The green shores of Canaan smiled at their greeting,  
And the wild blossoms sprang on the earth that  
they press'd.

But where, and from whence did the whirlwind  
come rushing?

It howl'd, but the foliage with gentleness waved;  
It roared like the terrible cataract's gushing,  
But the current moved calm o'er the bed that it  
laved.

**79. THE ASCENSION OF ELIJAH.**

They look'd up on high, in the blue vault re-  
splendent,

No cloud of the tempest yet darken'd its ray,  
But a radiant track of effulgence transcendent,  
Extinguished the light of the sun in its blaze.

Rapid the bright, beaming glory expanded,  
The thunder resounded, the lightning stream'd  
far,

O'er Elijah the heavenly vision descended,  
Who rose on the cherubim's wings to the car.

"My father ! my father ! the chariot of glory,"  
Elijah exclaim'd, "and the horsemen of fire,  
O ! let thy blest spirit departing rest o'er me,  
Remember thy son ! O ! my father ! my sire !"

The prophet ascending, look'd back with emotion,  
His meek eye of love on the votary cast,  
One feeling of earth check'd the rapturous devotion,  
But onward the burning wheels roll'd, and it  
pass'd.

O'er the glittering pomp heaven's curtains were  
closing,

But the mantle of prophecy floated behind,  
And its wide-spreading folds o'er Elisha reposing,  
The light of the future illumined his mind.

## BIG MEETING.

*Persons Represented.*

JINNY.  
LAVINIA.  
KITTY.  
HETTY.  
LUCY.

MARY.  
MINNY.  
ROSE.  
ANN.  
JOSEPHINE.

BETTY.  
BERTA.  
AMANDA.  
MATTY.  
MOLLY.

JINNY. — Come, girls, let us pretend church. Run, Lavinia, and tell all the scholars we are going to have church, and be sure and tell them to put on all the rings, pins, feathers, flowers, flounces, and all the finery they have ; for church is the very place to display them. Go ; and be sure you tell them there's going to be a big meeting.

LAVINIA. — But who shall I tell them is going to preach ?

JINNY. — Mercy ! what difference does that make, so there is a "big meeting," and everybody is here ; we are coming to see and be seen, not to hear preaching.

LAVINIA. — That's a fact ! They'll all come to a big meeting. *[Exit Lavinia.]*

*Enter thirteen children.*

LAVINIA. — Here we all are.

JINNY. — Now for the big meeting.

KITTY. — Yes ; we are all here. Who is going to preach ?

HETTY. — Let Kitt preach.

MARY. — No ; Kitty would laugh all the time—  
a great preacher, indeed !

HETTY. — A laughing preacher is just as good  
as any other ; mother says people who laugh are  
just as good as those who frown.

LUCY. — Yes, Hetty, that's what I think too.

MINNY. — Ah ! here's the one ; here's Amanda  
Barlow.

BERTA. — Yes, that's it ; we are all for Amanda.

JOSEPHINE. — Yes ; but she's a Methodist, and  
we are not going to have Methodist meeting.

KITTY. — No ; that we ain't.

SOPHY. — Yes ; but we are, Miss.

BERTA. — We are not going to have any other.

MARY. — Well, I'm not coming to the meeting  
then.

BETTY. — Nor I, neither ; I hate every person who  
don't believe just as I do.

SOPHY. — You must hate a great many people then.

JINNY. — I'd hate to have the trouble of hating  
so many people.

BERTA. — Wonder she don't hate people because  
their noses ain't pug, like her's.

AMANDA. — I don't think Christ hated any one.

LUCY. — Very well, Amanda ; you'll do for the  
preacher.

*Enter MATTY.*

MATTY. — What are you all talking so loud  
about ? “Cracking my ears with rant and roar.”

JINNY. — I wanted to play big meeting; but they do nothing but quarrel, and I don't believe they know what about, either.

MATTY. — I don't think it right, Jinny, to play meeting; we should not make sport of sacred subjects, and you might have known we should have quarrelling, since grown people, and Christians are always contending.

JINNY. — You have a long head, Matty. What shall we play then?

MATTY. — Come to see, certainly.

JINNY. — Will you be my daughter? There, arrange the chairs. Now, girls, go make you some bonnets; and be quick, or the teacher will be here before we have time to play any. [*Exit all but JINNY and MATTY, who arrange the chairs, &c.*]

*Knocking; Enter BERTA, LUCY, JOSEPHINE.*

BERTA. — Good evening, Mrs. Fleming. How are you, Mrs. Ready? [*Ladies all bow, talk of their health and the weather.*]

MATTY. — A pretty little child this, Mrs. Pope; how old is it?

MRS. P. — Seven, yesterday.

JINNY. — I suppose you had a little party. I always give my children a party on their birthday.

BETTY. — No, indeed! Ma don't give us any parties, now she has got the new carpets; she is afraid we shall spoil them.

MRS. P. — Children are so ill-bred, that when

they come into a parlor they immediately begin picking at, and destroying everything in the room.

JINNY. — Mothers should take the trouble to learn their children better manners.

MATTY. — I do not see the use of a parlor, if it is to be kept as a show-box, and not contribute, in the least, to the comfort of the family.

*Knocking: JINNY goes to the door. Enter MOLLY, MARY, ANNA; SOPHY, leading MOLLY by the hand.*

SOPHY. — Good morning.

JINNY. — We were just talking of show-boxes, and the propriety of giving birthday parties. Don't you think it a fine old custom, that should not be given up.

SOPHY. — No, indeed, madam! I have the greatest horror of parties; and it was only last week our minister said, he thought neither a preacher nor his flock had any business participating in such wicked amusements.

JINNY. — I don't know anything about your minister; but I have seen some of the wisest and best ministers in the United States at parties.

MATTY. — You know, Jinny, some preachers preach just to suit them and their notions.

ANNA. — I think anything that promotes harmony and contributes to social improvement should be participated in by all.

SOPHY. — It's astonishing to hear a woman talk as you do! Social improvement! vanity, folly, and vexation of spirit, you had better say!



ANNA. — No ! we may be very much improved by wise and intelligent society.

MATTY. — Yes ; like the pebbles in the ocean, constant rubbing smooths down the asperities of the worst of us. But have you seen Mrs. B——'s new carriage ?

SOPHY. — Yes ; a perfect pigeon-box ; looks like some old New York hack.

MATTY. — That it does !

ANNA. — We all think it very pretty.

SOPHY. — Indeed ! what taste.

MARY. — Come here, Molly. You really have a beautiful little girl.

SOPHY. — And they tell me she is very bright. Can you read, Molly ?

MOLLY. — No, madam ; I don't go to school now.

SOPHY. — I havn't sent her since Mrs. Berry's last examination. Everybody could see how partial she was to some people's children ; that was enough for me.

JINNY. — But didn't she learn ?

SOPHY. — Yes ; but Mrs. Cane and myself began to think it was not right to send to any one, who did not believe in sprinkling. For who knows but that she might some day catch our children up, and have them baptized in spite of us. I tell you that Mrs. Berry is an audacious woman, and I don't know that she is even too good to steal.

ROSE. — Is it possible ! did you say Mrs. Berry

stole? [*Turning to Mary Thompson.*] Only think of that, Mrs. Thompson! they say Mrs. Berry has been stealing!

MARY. — Horrible! you don't say so!

*Knocking: enter KITTY, HETTY, AMANDA.*

ALL. — Good evening; how are you, &c.

KITTY. — You don't know, ladies, what a pleasant evening it is. I have had a delightful walk. Why are the doors and windows closed? Do open that window, Mrs. Ready.

MRS. READY. — Sorry I cannot oblige you, Mrs. Lytle, but it is fashionable to have the rooms darkened in New York.

MRS. LYTLE. — Yes, in New York; for there, there is nothing but the dust of the street to come in; but here there is a fine breeze, and the odor of sweet flowers without.

MRS. READY. — Can't do anything so vulgar, even to oblige you, dear lady.

SOPHY. — [*Rising.*] Sorry to leave you, ladies; but I must call and see Mrs. Smith; she has been sick for some time.

AMANDA. — Mrs. Grace, too, is very sick. You had better call there.

SOPHY. — Never visit any but the members of my own church. Good evening, ladies.

JINNY. — Well, I do not want any one to visit me because I belong to her church; but because she likes me.

MATTY. — Who wants people coming to see them who hate them.

BERTA. — She's a great woman ; too good to go to parties, and not too good to say her neighbors steal.

KITTY. — Did she, indeed ?

HETTY. — What did she steal ? I did not hear.

KITTY. — Some good sweet preserves, I reckon.

MARY. — Stole preserves ! dear me !

KITTY. — And her child, Molly, hid them under her apron.

LUCY. — And Molly hid them under her apron !

BETTY. — Did you say Sophy stole preserves ?

LUCY. — And Molly hid them under her apron.

MARY. — No ; Sophy said Mrs. Berry stole preserves.

ROSE. — No ; Berta said Sophy stole preserves.

KITTY. — And her child, Molly, hid them under her apron.

HETTY. — Yes ; that is the way of it. [*All sing.*]

Molly came to my house, Molly is a thief,  
Molly came to my house and stole a piece of beef.

*SOPHY and MOLLY rushing forward with sticks.*

SOPHY. — O ! yes, my ladies, I'm listening to you. I am a thief, am I ; I give it to you all. [*Strikes them as they run.*] There ! there !

MOLLY. — O ! yes ; Molly hid it under her apron, did she ! Give it to them, mammy !

## FASHIONABLE WALKS.

*Persons Represented.*

|        |          |          |
|--------|----------|----------|
| MARY.  | ROBERTA. | LIZZIE.  |
| FANNY. | LIT.     | CYNTHIA. |
| BOBBY. | JULIA.   | ANNIE.   |

FANNY.—Come, Mary, and play mammy, you do act an old cross mother so well; panky, panky, panky.

MARY.—Well, get me a great stick, and I'll soon learn you how to behave.

ROBERTA.—Whom are you going to have for your children?

MARY.—Fanny, Bobby, and Lit.

LIT.—No! you ain't going to have me, you hit too hard.

JULIA.—And what are the rest of us to do, stand and look on? No, I am going to play too.

MARY.—Well, play away, but I'm not going to have you all for my children. O! I have it. I'll have a party, and you be ladies come to see me, and my children.

JULIA.—*Me and my children. Big Sir I, and little Sir you, as usual. I'll be big lady myself.*

MARY.—O! well you may be mammy, and children, and company and all, if you please. You asked me to play; I shall be glad to look on.

JULIA.—Well! well! don't get mad. I'll be

anything. I'll run to Aunt Louisa's drawer, and find her cap, and veil.

LIZZIE. — (*To Virginia.*) You take some of us for your children, Virginia; you are not so savage as she is.

VIRGINIA. — Well, come, all who want to be my children. Get yourselves ready. [*Exit all.*]

[*Enter MARY, putting on a cap, spectacles, &c.*  
FANNY runs in crying.]

FANNY. — O! mother, Miss Prudence has been beating me dreadfully. I won't go to school another day.

MARY. — What has she been beating you for, what did you do?

FANNY. — Nothing at all; she was mad, and so beat me.

MARY. — Well, you need not go any more; I don't want people to beat my children because they are mad.

FANNY. — [*Jumping up and down.*] O! I'm glad. I told the old ape I was not coming any more, if she dared lay her fingers on me. Mother, I'm so hungry, can't I have some cakes.

MARY. — There's not a bit of cake in the house.

FANNY. — But I know there is, didn't I see it just now, when Suky was opening the safe. I'm starving! Yes, I'm most dead! O, dear! I want some cake so bad! boo! hoo! hu!

MARY. — [*Taking some from the safe.*] There

you ugly little creature, stuff it down quickly, or Bobby will come, and want some too. [*Enter Bobby.*]

FANNY. — [*Holding up the cake.*] He! he! ha! I've got cake, Bobby!

BOBBY. — I want some too, boo! hoo! hu!

MOTHER. — [*Whipping Fanny.*] There you ugly little creature, didn't I tell you not to show it to Bobby. I do wish your teacher would half kill you. [*Knocking heard.*] Look how you have littered the floor. Take up your bonnet and books, and run tell Suky some one is knocking. Why don't you go?

FANNY. — Let Bobby go! I know you are going to have company, and you want me out of the way. I don't go.

MARY. — [*Pushes her out of the door, and whips her.*] But you shall go, my lady! Run, Bobby, and wash your face.

BOBBY. — I don't want my face washed, it ain't dirty. [*Walking backwards slowly to the door. Mother strikes at him.*]

[*Enter SUKY and ladies: LIZZIE leading ANNA, CYNTHIA, LIT.*]

LIZZIE. — Good morning Mrs. Twitchum! Glad to see you looking so well. [*All shake hands.*]

CYNTHIA. — Show me your children, Mrs. Twitchum?

MOTHER. — Very well! The little dears are a

constant source of pleasure [*To Bobby, who is standing in the door.*] Come, Bobby, and speak to Anna. [*Takes him by the arm and leads him to her.*]

BOBBY. — O, mercy! O lordy! Boo! You pinch me, so you do! [*Fanny peeps in the door.*]

MOTHER. — Come, Fanny, and bid the ladies good morning!

FANNY. — O, yes! you want to pinch me, too! [*Knocking.*]

[*Enter JULIA, CYNTHIA, ROBERTA: LOTTIE leading HARRIET, ELLEN leading MARY.*]

MARY. — How happy I am to see you ladies! what a delightful afternoon we shall have of it, and all the men gone too!

LIT. — Yes, that is so nice, one can never say half they want to when they are about.

LIZZIE. — They say we are always slandering one another!

MARY. — Well, they slander in print, and fight with pistols; our tongues do not go off and hurt.

FANNY. — [*Peeping in.*] But your switch does, mammy!

JULIA. — What a beautiful child you have, Mrs. Peep; reminds me of myself when young.

LOTTIE. — Can it be possible that you were ever that good-looking!

JULIA. — Quite possible, madam; but what is the matter with your child? Come, honey, and let me see if your hip is out of joint.

HARRIET. — There ain't nothing the matter with my hip.

LOTTIE. — You should get some specks, granny.

JULIA. — It don't take specks to see that; that child limps.

LOTTIE. — Limps, limps! I'm astonished at your impertinence, old woman. You are quite behind the times. My daughter can wriggle! She has been six months to a dancing-master, to learn the wriggles, teaters, and Grecian bend.

JULIA. — Six months to learn to limp! I know when I'm a hundred I shall not limp worse than that child.

LOTTIE. — Well, it is strange how stupid some people are! Don't you really know the wriggles, old lady? [*Turning to Mary.*] I see you keep some old-fashioned people about you. Harriet and I have promised to be at the President's party this evening; we shall be too late if we remain much longer. Good evening, ladies.

LIZZIE. — Isn't she grand? and so fashionable!

LIT. — A fashionable dunce, I should say.

CYNTHIA. — Won't you play a little for us, Mrs. Hopper? I hear you play so well.

ELLEN. — Oh! no; you are mistaken.

CYNTHIA. — No, indeed! I have heard you.

MARY. — Do play, dear madam.

ELLEN. — Indeed, I have a cold.

MARY. — But the piano has not.

JULIA. — How much pressing do ladies want



now, before they can sing? In my day a lady did not wait to be asked twice.

MARY. — You must sing! [*Leads her to the piano. Ellen sings — all admire.*]

JULIA to ELLEN. — How old is your child, madam? she is a sweet modest little flower.

ELLEN. — Six, this summer. She is very good, indeed, but I cannot get the modesty out of her. She won't learn the wriggles, the Grecian bend, or the Schottisch.

JULIA. — But I hear she reads well. Let me hear.

MARY. — Have you heard, ladies, that Mrs. Slothful has turned her parlor into a nursery, and entertains her friends among screaming children?

ROBERTA. — They say it is great sport to see her, she has such hard times of it.

LIZZIE. — Do let us go, granny!

JULIA. — It's a great pity that people cannot find a just medium, but must either whip their children too much, or humor them too much.

LIT. — Come along, granny, and don't stop there silly squizzing. [*Exit all.*]

## FAMILY JOYS.

*Characters Represented.*

MOTHER.  
 VIOLA.

ZEPHYR.  
 MINERVA.

PACIFIC.  
 PAT.

MOTHER. — [*Alone.*] Oh! how comfortable! how delightful! I have never ceased to congratulate myself on that happy thought. Yes; I have now nursery, parlor, study, all together. What a perfect paradise below! I will not be one of those selfish creatures, who exclude all from their fireside comforts. Now, my jewels shall enjoy society, and my friends, in return, shall enjoy the innocent prattle of my little ones. Here they come, their soft locks floating upon the breeze; and now, with buoyant spirits, on light fantastic toe, they come gliding in.

VIOLA. — You shan't have none of my flowers, 'cause you took all the 'lasses candy that nurse brought for me. You want the flowers too! I'll tear them all to pieces first, and scratch you with the thorns.

ZEPHYR. — You just try it, Miss. Scratch ahead, if you dare, and I'll run and get your doll and make her sing a new tune without your help, so I will.

VIOLA. — [*Running to her mother.*] Mamma, look at that spiteful, ugly creature. Google

ZEPHYR. — My own mother! I just wish I had no sister Viola.

MOTHER. — Come to your mother's arms, my doves, and be reconciled. Kiss your sister, Viola, and be friends.

VIOLA. — No, I won't.

ZEP. — But I'll kiss her anyhow. [*Rushes upon Viola, and bites her.*]

VIOLA. — O! dear! O! dear! Mamma, the vile creature has bitten me until the blood is coming.

ZEP. — It is nothing but candy.

MOTHER. — Come, both of you, to mother, and here is some candy. Come now, don't cry, my little dears. [*Mother calls, Pat! Pat!*] Patty, take the children out, and cleanse them thoroughly.

VIOLA. — I won't go out at all.

ZEP. — No, nor me neither, so I won't. [*Children run to each other, and agree to bite and scratch Pat if she touches them.*]

PAT. — [*Pulling them along.*] Come, my little Missusses, let's go and get some zarbs. [*Exit Pat and children.*]

MOTHER. — Oh! dear! a mother has sorrows as well as joys; however, it is her duty to learn to bear and forbear. [*Reads.*] "The Duty of Training the Young."

*Enter PAT.*

PAT. — Oh! missus, there's a rale Bengal fite out doors; so there is, missus.

MOTHER. — How so, Pat? Tell me immediately.

**PAT.** — Dar now, missus, I tell you the whole stocumstance. You see Miss Zeffy sez to me, "You know you be my mammy, and a rale good old mammy you bees, for you just gib me ebryting what I wants," sez she. I tells her, "to be sure I does." Well then, she gums me this rale *staunch* red ribbon, and coaxed me to go and get my Bengal cat, jist for them to stroke down.

**MOTHER.** — And why not let them have it, Pat? You must not teach my children selfishness.

**PAT.** — But, missus, I does let them hab it. Yes; my poor tiger cat. So I tells them not to hurt her nowhar, and they sez "No! no! Pat, that we won't. You go and put our clothes away, what we tuk out this morning." So off I goes.

**MOTHER.** — Well, I am very glad you have put their room in order.

**PAT.** — But, missus, as I told you, I goes along, not disrespecting anything, and war gone no time, trusting my poor cat to them horrifal children.

**MOTHER.** — That is enough; be silent unless you can speak properly. My children do nothing very wrong, they are too sensitive.

**PAT.** — O! no, missus, nothing; but fus hanging her, and then fixing her up till she war narly scered to death; and so them sprightly little dears gits a long string, and ties the poor dumful beast, and then slashes her well for a monkey. O! dear me! such a time!

**MOTHER.** — Why, Pat, that is a very innocent amusement.

**PAT.** — So, Miss Nerva, what is so mighty wisdomful, was the fool, [*aside*] (and a rale good one she is, too); and she pulls faces and makes quare noises.

**MOTHER.** — Well, Pat, where are my lambs now? and why are you not attending to your little charges?

**PAT.** — Oh! dear missus, them's rale charges. I doesn't know for the life of me which way to turn or twist but them's arter me.

**MOTHER.** — Pat, I say go and bring them immediately.

**PAT.** — Yes, missus, me's gwine 'stantly; but if the little honeys don't want to come I can't 'ompel them you know, case they bees too high spereted.

**MOTHER.** — Pat, do you hear? go and tell them their mother desires their presence immediately.

**PAT.** — They hain't got no new presents what I knows on; but I'll tell them little dears. [*Exit. Returns with all the children, singing, talking, and jumping.*]

**VIOLA.** — Let's have more circus. I don't care for ma. Put everything in the middle of the room, and let the monkey run round.

**MINERVA.** — Let me jump over the tiger's back; I am the clown.

**VIOLA.** — And I am the musician, and will sing, and beat the drum.

PACIFIC. — I will sing, too ! for I take lessons, and ma says I'll beat you all.

VIOLA. — Oh ! very likely, if screaming goes for anything ; but you shan't play if you won't be a horse, and ride the monkey and sing too.

PAT. — Oh ! no, let Miss Zeffy sing. I don't want her to be the horse, case she might hurt my cat.

ZEP. — And if she don't pinch it, I will. What did you do with that ribbon I gave you ? I'll take it right back if you say one word.

MINERVA. — O ! yes ; she is mighty good, to take everything she can get, and then she won't let us pull her old cat. I believe I'll skin the animal.

PAT. — Oh ! don't now, Miss, and I'll help you play anything.

VIOLA — Well, begin then. [*Pat acts horse, Zephyra sings Uncle Ned, and the rest run round ; Mother stops her ears and shuts her eyes.*]

*Enter company, and shake hands with the Mother.*

MOTHER. — Really, ladies, this is too much, even for me. I must invite you into the nursery ; for there is no room here. I am afraid I have commenced wrong some way, and must begin again. How difficult to train the young aright ! [*Exit Mother and company.*]

VIOLA. — You shall stop and see the circus, so you shall. [*Pat runs off with the cat during the confusion.*]

## MRS. FAULTFINDER.

*Characters represented.*

MRS. CHARITY.

MRS. SENSE.

MRS. FAULTFINDER.

CHILD.

MRS. CHARITY. — How do you like our minister, Mrs. Sense?

MRS. SENSE. — Very well; but I should like him still better if he did not halloo so loud. He commences on so high a key, that when he comes to parts of his sermon that require accenting, he has lost all command of his voice.

MRS. CHARITY. — That is owing to his enthusiasm.

MRS. SENSE. — Doubtless, but a minister should study oratory as well as divinity. If men, from a desire of fame, have labored so to modulate the voice as to charm the listening ear, a minister ought to do more, in order to win his hearers to life everlasting.

MRS. CHARITY. — You require too much of a minister.

MRS. SENSE. — May we all have thee for our task-master, sweet Charity; but whom have we here? Mrs. Faultfinder, as I live!

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — Good morning, ladies! Isn't this horrible weather, cold as Greenland; our fireplace smokes, too, and husband has bought wood to-day, quite green—really these men are

wretched providers. They don't care if a woman freezes to death. If I ever marry again, I won't marry such a man as I have now — that I won't.

MRS. CHARITY. — Take a seat, neighbor. I thought the day very fine, almost warm enough without fire — and your husband we all think a very lovable man.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — O, yes ! lovable enough to everybody but his wife, no doubt — always the way with men. Isn't it so, Mrs. Sense ?

MRS. SENSE. — No, not always. I have seen both men, and women above all kinds of deceit.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — Well, your eyes are very good, certainly ; but have you heard that people say that our new minister is one of the most deceitful men in the world, and his sermons, they say, are stolen from a book.

MRS. SENSE. — I never listen to what *they* say. It is a very convenient way some people have of slandering others.

[ *Child running in.* ]

CHILD. — Mother, I've been hunting you all over town.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — Is school just out ? I think your teacher had better keep you there all night. I never saw such a tyrant as that woman is, from sunrise to sunset ; she keeps the little dears there just from spite.

CHILD. — Yes, mother, that she does, and I ain't



learning a thing. I don't see the use of going, no how.

MRS. SENSE. — You must be very dull or idle to be in school from sunrise to sunset, and not learn anything.

MRS. CHARITY. — I should think if she were so spiteful she would walk off, and let you all go home before sun-down.

CHILD. — She does let some of the girls go, but she don't like *me*, and she keeps *me* in.

MRS. CHARITY. — I should think she liked you better than the rest, or she would not spend so much time with you.

CHILD. — No, she don't; for she don't spend much time with me. Yesterday it was ten o'clock before she put her foot in the school-house — so the big girls said.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — Pretty well, indeed, taking in school at ten o'clock; no wonder you don't learn anything!

MRS. SENSE. — Have you ever examined her to see if she learns anything?

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — No, indeed! I don't have time for that; and then she keeps up such a noise in the house, that, as soon as she comes home, I send her to the kitchen.

CHILD. — I don't make any more noise than other children; but you are always finding fault with me. I'll tell father as soon as I get home.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — Go home with you, this

minute, you bad child! If your teacher would give you a whipping, now and then, you would not be so bad [*Exit child*]; but that's the way with teachers now—too lazy to correct a child when it needs it. When I went to school children knew how to behave themselves, and they wern't suffered to go on as they do now—but good evening, ladies, I must go home, or the children will tear the house down before I get there. I wish their teachers wouldn't be sending them home to vex me before five o'clock: but, do tell me, don't you think our music teacher has spoiled all the girls' voices? I thought it would be so from the start. I told everybody so.

MRS. CHARITY. — You astonish me! I thought they sang very sweetly.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — Sweetly! dear! dear! I think, Charity, you must have a good ear.

MRS. CHARITY. — If my *ear* is not good, I hope my *heart* is.

MRS. FAULTFINDER. — What a strange creature you are, Charity! There's no enjoyment in conversing with you. They tell me, Mrs. Sense, that Mrs. Benson has joined the Daughters of Temperance. I don't know when I was so mad—think it is so smart imitating the men. I don't know what good they can do.

MRS. SENSE. — “Drops make the ocean,” Mrs. Faultfinder: this is an old and true saying. Men often attribute their ruin to the influence of our sex.

How often do we hear it said, "disappointed love drove him to the bottle," or "his wife was such a Mrs. Caudle, that he took to drink—poor fellow!" "his wife was so extravagant that she beggared the poor man!"

MRS. FAULTFINDER.—That's nothing to the purpose, Mrs. Sense.

MRS. SENSE.—I think it is. If we are so potent to do harm, when we choose, may we not prove as powerful to do good? Cannot we, whose tongues all men say have sent so many to destruction, charm back a few? Are we free to do harm, and our hands tied as if by enchantment, when we will to do good?

MRS. FAULTFINDER.—Bah! bah! woman, do stop your preaching! I have made blackberry cordial, and husband has bought a barrel of excellent cider, and I know I don't intend to let the men have it all to themselves. Don't you keep any wine in the house? one needs a little of something to warm them up this cold weather?

MRS. SENSE.—We have not even a glass of cider to offer you.

MRS. FAULTFINDER.—Well, good-bye. Dry house—no wine, cider, or fault-finding. How I do despise such women,

## BURNING THE BOOKS.

*Characters Represented.*

|        |        |        |       |
|--------|--------|--------|-------|
| MARY.  | SUKY.  | POLLY. | KATH. |
| FANNY. | NANCY. | JINNY. |       |

*Enter school-girls, with books.*

ALL.—Hurrah ! hurrah for the holidays ! School is over ! hurrah !

MARY. — Ain't I glad !

SUKY. — And ain't I glad !

ALL. — And ain't we all glad !

SUKY. — I'm going to throw all my books into the fire. Yes ; you old Arithmetic, don't I hate you ! I would rather be a piece of iron, and be hammered all day, than have this Smith after me.

POLLY. — Yes ; it is a vulgar name, and he's a vulgar fellow, I know. Come, let us burn Smith up directly.

FANNY. — There's no use of girls studying arithmetic, anyhow. What do we have to count ?

NANCY. — Nothing ; that's sartin.

SUKY. — Sartin ! Well, Miss Nancy, when will you speak again ? you talk such admirable English.

NANCY. — I'll speak just when I please, Miss Suky. I always know'd how to talk better than you, without any larning.

SUKY. — I wonder how you *cotched* so much larning ?

NANCY. — None of your business, Miss Smarty.

If you'd cotched a mighty chance more whippings than you have, it would not have hurt you.

MARY. — Hush ! I thought you were going to have sport, and here's nothing but quarrelling. I thought you all said we were to begin the new year with play, that we might play all the year. Now here's a good-by to my old books, and I never intend to look in one again as long as I live.

FANNY. — And here's a good-by to the old house and all old school-houses. I wish a grand Christmas fire would be made of them all over the land — penitentiaries raised by cross old people to punish us young ones.

NANCY. — And here's a good-by to old missus, who's always trying to make me larn. I larned a power before ever I seed her. I wish she and her larning were both in the moon.

SUKY. — Hush up ! Miss Baker is very kind to us ; and I'd like her very much, if it were not for this old arithmetic.

NANCY. — Cos she's partial to you, and everybody knows it.

SUKY. — And everybody knows that a lazy bad scholar always hates her instructress. I never heard of a teacher being partial to you in my life ; but here comes dear Jinny and Kate. They will soon find some sport for us ; they are so clever.

JINNY. — Where are you all going with your books, girls ?

SUKY. — To burn them up, to be sure.

MARY. — We have all determined never to look in another book as long as we live. We are not going to toil and study night and day just to please Miss Baker.

NANCY. — She's got to bake her own cakes after this. We're all sartin there's no use of a woman knowing nothing, nobow.

FANNY. — What has a woman to do that requires learning? She can neither be a lawyer nor a statesman.

POLLY. — Or a doctor.

SUKY. — Or a preacher.

JINNY. — That is true, my dear children; but she has the training of them all. To whom are we indebted for George Washington, the wisest and best statesman that ever lived, but to his mother.

KATE. — And John Wesley, the great divine; he also acknowledged a mother's influence.

JINNY. — And there would be more George Washingtons and more John Wesleys if there were more such mothers.

SUKY. — But we are never going to marry; we are all going to be old maids.

JINNY. — And a set of very detestable old hags you will be, if you have all determined to do nothing but play. Old maids, who have devoted themselves to study, have often been of great service to the world, and have left behind them a name that will be remembered with love and gratitude. Miss Edgeworth and Hannah More, for example; but

lazy, ignorant old maids, such as you will be, are always quarrelling.

MARY. — I detest quarrelling ; I am sure we are much happier studying our eyes out, than when we are quarrelling.

KATE. — That is true, my dear Mary ; and quarrelsome people are generally ignorant people. Look at the Indians, for example ; most of their lives are spent in quarrelling ; whereas, I do not think I ever saw a learned man with a black eye.

JINNY. — True ! He who has for his evening companions such men as Milton, Campbell, Hume, Gibbon, Clark, Watts, &c., learns to look down with contempt on the petty quarrels of low-bred people.

SUKY. — Evening companions, indeed ! You know, Jane, those men are dead.

JINNY. — A great man never dies. Is it not in the power of us all to read every evening what they thought or felt ?

SUKY. — I should like to be a great woman. Do you think, Jane, if I were to try, I could ?

JINNY. — I do not know, my child ; but every woman can be useful if she cannot be great. Women are generally better teachers than men, if qualified for the task ; they have more patience, more love, and take more interest in the young. Every girl should remember that she is one day to rear a family, whose happiness, and intelligence are almost entirely to devolve on her. It is she alone, who is

to instil into her child a love of truth and knowledge; it is she who is to inspire him with a contempt for the sluggard, thief, drunkard, and murderer. She, like our mother Earth, nourishes the beautiful and broad-spreading tree, that produces golden fruit, or the scrubby oak, that is fit for nothing, but to be hewn down and cast into the fire. Ah! my dear little companions, will you now burn your books, that liars and rogues may call you mother; or will you so live, that when age has "silvered o'er your brows" your children may rise up statesmen and philosophers, and hail you blessed among women, as did Washington of old.

NANCY. — What are you all palavering about? Ain't we going to have the bonfire? My books ain't got many leaves in them nohow. They'd make a mighty poor fire by themselves.

SUKY. — We are not going to burn our books. I, for one, have determined to be both a great and a useful woman. Ah, Jenny! I am glad I met you. I feel so much happier after having formed a good resolution, than when quarrelling with Nancy.

KATE. — You are a dear, sensible little child. Do you think you will be able to keep your resolution?

SUKY. — Yes, I am sure I shall.

NANCY. — So you are going to bake cakes for Miss Baker again!

SUKY. — Yes, and brown and nice they shall be, too. She shall never have occasion to complain



of me again, for my lessons shall all be learned. After all, we know very well it is only for our own good she wants us to study.

FANNY. — Yes; and we have been very ungrateful, wicked little children, to talk of burning our books, and vowing never to study any more.

JINNY. — Come, then, my dear schoolmates, and join me in a better vow. Let us resolve from this day to be up and doing, preparing ourselves for any fate that may await us on earth; and may we not be found without oil in our lamps when the last trump shall sound, and we shall all appear at His footstool to give an account of time and talents committed to our trust.

SUKY. — Yes; we are all ready to join you. Here is my hand.

ALL. — And mine, and mine.

JINNY. — And now, farewell, my dear little schoolmates, and may He who has said, "Let little children come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," enable us to keep our good resolutions!

## WOMAN. — (EBENEZER ELLIOTT.)

WHAT highest prize hath woman won  
In science or in art ?  
What mightiest work by woman done,  
Boasts city, field, or mart ?  
She hath no Raphael ! Painting saith :  
No Newton ! Learning cries ;  
Show us her steamship ! her Macbeth !  
Her thought-won victories.

Wait, boastful Man ! Though worthy are  
Thy deeds, when thou art true,  
Things worthier still, and holier far,  
Our sister yet will do :  
For this the worth of woman shows,  
On every peopled shore,  
That still as man in wisdom grows,  
He honors her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power  
Hath man's meek angel striven,  
But silent as the growing flower,  
To make of earth a heaven !  
And in her garden of the sun  
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom :  
For woman's best is unbegun !  
Her advent yet to come !

## DOWN IN THE DEEP SEA.

(CHICAGO WEEKLY JOURNAL.)

MR. E. P. HARRINGTON, of Westfield, New York, the diver, who went down to the sunken steamer *Atlantic*, and recovered the safe, has communicated to the *Cleveland Herald* some interesting particulars of life beneath the wave. They will be found, however, to be shorn of the poetry with which some Detroit writer invested the descent. No elegantly-dressed ladies saluted him as he reached the deck; he beheld no touching spectacles of children clasped in the arms of their mothers, or lovers locked in a death embrace. Night impenetrable rests like a pall upon the *Atlantic* and its mysteries. As we write *Atlantic*, the name of that other ill-fated steamer comes to mind—the *Pacific*. It has ceased already, and so soon, to fall from men's lips; its port was death, and the seal upon it is silence. Here and there a few think of it by day, and the ocean moans over it in dreams by night. Pale hands among the tangled sea-weeds are swaying to and fro, or gleam white amid the groves of red coral, in fancy; but no stars shine down where she lies; and the summer days float far above it, on the surface of the sea.

Mr. Harrington descended to the wreck encased in Wells and Gowan's submarine armor. This armor is made of two layers of canvas, and one of India rubber; the rubber occupying the middle.

From in front of the mouth proceeds a tube, composed of nine alternate layers of canvas and rubber, with a copper wire coiled inside to prevent collapse. This is flexible too, and being as long as the depth to which the diver goes, and the upper end being in the open air, secures proper respiration.

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THE SLEIGH-BELLS.—(MRS. MOODIE.)

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,  
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bells chime :  
To know the bounding steeds bring near  
The loved one to our bosoms dear,  
Ah ! lightly we spring the fire to raise,  
Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze ;  
Those merry sleigh-bells, our hearts keep time  
Responsive to their fairy chime.  
Tingle-ling, tingle-ding, o'er valley and hill  
Their welcome notes are trembling still.

'Tis he, and blithely the gay bells sound,  
As glides his sleigh o'er the frozen ground :  
Hark ! he has pass'd the dark pine wood,  
He crosses now the ice-bound flood,  
And hails the light at the open door,  
That tells his toilsome journey's o'er.  
The merry sleigh-bells ! My fond heart swells  
And throbs to hear the welcome bells ;  
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, o'er ice and snow,  
A voice of gladness, on they go.

## THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

SHE has the most charming face in the world; charming, not on account of its beauty—for it is rather homely—but for the lovely expression that always beams from it; an expression full of love, good-nature, and good-will to every one.

Her little, fat, round, rosy cheeks, are indented by a dimple, and a smile is continually playing round the corners of the mouth, making you feel a great desire to kiss her sweet lips. Her eyes are brown, blue, gray, or black—indeed I do not know which; for their beauty, to me, is not owing to their color, but to their kind and loving expression. I look into them, and see that she loves me, and is willing to do as I tell her.

You never see the lightnings of wrath in her eyes; but, as the dew on the rose, a tear is sometimes there; but she is never sullen, fretful, nor peevish.

This little girl always rises early, and may be seen by the rosy dawn, as it glistens on those plump, dimpled arms, throwing the clear water into her eyes, that they may feel bright and fresh to get her lesson with. See her now, how cheerfully she is studying her task. It is a long on, but she knows she can learn it if she is diligent. She does not waste time in saying, "O! this lesson is so long! I can never get it;" but, with a smiling face, she does her best, without looking around to see what

every one else is doing, and wasting her time in idle talk.

Now she is at the table; how nice everything tastes, and how fat and healthy she looks; it is only to the idle and lazy scholar, who has been in bed all the morning, that the breakfast is tasteless.

With good lessons, and every book in her basket, she hastens to school to greet her teacher with a smile. She has sense enough to know, that it is for her good, that she requires her to study, and she loves her more than if she suffered her to be an idle, lazy girl; for nothing gives us more pleasure than the possession of knowledge, though it costs some labor to acquire it.

Happy in school and out, you hear this good little girl singing as gaily as a lark, as she goes home in the evening. She has not forty tales to tell of whippings, scoldings, and black marks; but, as she kisses her kind mother, she says: "Dear mother, I have not had an imperfect lesson to-day;" and when she says so, her mother knows it is a truth, for this dear child scorns to tell a lie.

Ah! me! I once had such a good little scholar as I have been describing. How much I loved her! and how much she loved me! She never went home without bringing me the largest sweet-potato, the ripest fig, the reddest peach, and the mellowest apple she could find; and I never made cake without thinking of her, and making her a doll with coffee eyes. Besides learning her lessons, she used to

gather me flowers, water my plants, dust my room, knit my gloves, and hem my ruffles.

How happy I should be to have this dear little girl again, or one just like her ! But alas ! I shall never see her more. She has now been dead two years ; the long grass and the wild flowers of Louisiana are growing above her sunny locks. But I feel sure that my good little scholar has gone to heaven ; and often, in the quiet night, the tears come to my eyes as I recall her sweet, winning ways, and I hope I may somewhere again find such a good little scholar.



### A FRIEND.—(YOUNG.)

KNOWS'T thou, Lorenzo ! what a friend contains ?  
 As bees mixed nectar drawn from fragrant flowers,  
 So men from friendship, wisdom, and delight ;  
 Twins, tied by nature ; if they part they die.  
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?  
 Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want  
 air,  
 And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.  
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied ;  
 Speech ! thought's canal ; speech ! thought's cri-  
 terion, too,  
 Thought in mine, may come forth gold or dross ;  
 When coined in word we know its real worth,  
 If sterling, store it for thy future use ;

'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.  
Thought too delivered is the more possessed;  
Teaching we learn, and giving we retain  
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.

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## A PETITION TO TIME.

(THE COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL.)

TOUCH us gently, Time!  
Let us glide down thy stream  
Gently, as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three;  
One is lost, an angel fled  
To the azure o'erhead.

TOUCH us gently, Time!  
We've no proud nor soaring wings;  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lie in simpler things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er life's dim, unbounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime,  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!



## CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

(DICKENS.)

HERE is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew ! with a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can, that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders she is much offended if mine does, and frowns at me, as I stand upon the seat, that I'm to look at the clergyman. I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire — and what am I to do ?

It is a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sun-light, coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep — I don't mean a sinner, but a mutton, half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I look at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud ; and what would become of me then !

I next look at the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. Gradually my eyes close, and I fall from the seat with a crash that arouses all the sleepers.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—(JOANNA BAILLIE.)

MAHOMET. — What sounds are these ?

OSMIR. — Hast thou forgot we are so near the city ?

It is the murmuring night sounds of her streets.

MAHOMET. — And let me listen, too — I love the sound !

Like the last whispers of a dying enemy

It comes to my pleased ear.

Spent art thou, proud imperial queen of nations,

And thy last accents are upon the wind ?

Thou hast but one more voice to utter, one

Loud, frantic, terrible, and then art thou

Among'st the nations heard no more.

~~~~~  
LOVE. — (TUPPER.)

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again,

If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learned no more,

Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection,

And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,

Moaning in Achaian strains over the desert of the heart,

Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.

AN EASY MAN. — (TUPPER.)

Ye call a man easy, and good, yet he is as a two-edged sword,  
He rebuketh not vice, and it is strong; he comforteth not virtue, and it fainteth.

MRS. WASHINGTON POTS.

*Persons Represented.*

MOTHER.	DINAH.	MISS DARNLEY.
LUCY.	MRS. W. POTS.	MR. JAMES.
AUNT. QUIMBY.	MISS GREEN.	A. MAY.
ROSE.	MR. HOMES.	S. ROPES.

MOTHER. — [*Mother seated, Lucy coming in and taking off her bonnet.*] You made a long visit, Lucy. I have been expecting you some time.

LUCY. — Yes, mother, Mrs. Washington Pots was so agreeable. I could not get away any sooner. You do not know, mother, what a charming woman she is, and then she was dressed so handsomely — beautiful bracelets, sparkling with brilliants, long, diamond ear-rings, gold chain, watch, pencil, ornaments for the hair, rich damask silk, satin slippers to match. I really felt quite awkward, and dazzled on being introduced to her.

MOTHER. — I know little about the fashionable world now, Lucy; but in my day so much jewelry would have looked rather vulgar.

LUCY. — But I assure you it did not; it was very becoming, indeed. They say, mother, she is a great English lady, travelling through our country, that she is going to write a book about us on her return. Do, dear mother, let me give a party now instead of at Christmas; you know you promised me one then. I should so like to invite this lady; and then only think, mother, how delightful it would be to find ourselves mentioned in her book, as we doubtless shall be. The roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle are all in bloom; what beautiful festoons we can have! and then the bouquets, how delightful it will be to arrange them tastefully! How much I shall enjoy it! Do, dear mother, say yes!

MOTHER. — What a silly, giddy child you are, Lucy. I should think it would be much pleasanter to have your party on your brother's return from college, with our neighbors and friends around us, than to have one merely to please this stranger: but I will let you have your own way this time; nothing so good as bought wit. It is just as well for you to find out now, as at any other time, that all's not gold that glitters.

LUCY. — How good you are, mother! I must set about the work immediately, for Mrs. W. Pots goes the day after to-morrow. [*Going to the door, and calling:*] Dinah! Dinah! [*Enter Dinah.*] Run, Dinah, quick, to the grocery, and get all the eggs you can find: [*Exit Dinah.*] Give me the keys,

mother. I must have everything ready by the time Dinah comes.

*Enter DINAH.*

DINAH. — Not an egg in the grocery, Missus.

LUCY. — Well, you must go until you do find some. How can one make cake, custard, and ice cream, without eggs?

DINAH. — La, Miss, are you going to get married?


LUCY. — Some day, I hope. What are you standing there for? ain't I waiting for the eggs? Stop and tell Rose Denning to come and help me make cake, we are going to have a grand party.

DINAH. — Yes, Miss.

LUCY. — Dear me! I must have my white dress done up, and trimmed with myrtle; the carpets must be taken up, the curtains washed, and five hundred other things done. I don't know what to do first. I do wish Rose would come. Ah! here they are. Good morning, Rose; I'm so glad you have come! But, bless us, Dinah! look! the eggs are running through the basket! You have broken half of them!

DINAH. — Could not help it, Miss; I was so hurried I fell down.

ROSE. — How can I help you, Lucy? See, I am ready.

LUCY. — We must commence with the cake; but let us go and see how we shall adorn the parlor, 

and where we shall set the table. [*To Dinah.*] Run, Dinah, to the ice-house, and have ice sent up here directly; and run in the garden and see if there is any good celery for the chicken-salad; and stop at the washerwoman's, and tell her to send up the clothes directly. Do you hear?

DINAH. — Yes, Miss.

LUCY. — Stop. Tell the carpenter we want the new table sent home to-day, or we won't take it at all. Do you hear?

DINAH. — Yes, Miss. [*Going.*]

LUCY. — O! I forgot. You must get some butter; there are not three pounds in the house. What are you standing there for?

DINAH. — Cos; you's told me so many things, I don't know none now.

LUCY. — Will you be gone. [*Exit Lucy, Rose, and Dinah.*]

MOTHER. — We should be kind to strangers; but I am afraid it is pride and foolish vanity that is now influencing Lucy's conduct, not genuine hospitality.

ROSE and LUCY return.

LUCY. — We have arranged everything, mother. We are—— [*Looking out of the window.*] Dear! dear! what shall we do! if there ain't Aunt Quimby just getting down from her horse! If I had not sent the tickets I would give up the party. Aunt Quimby is so old fashioned; everybody will be laughing at her; and she my aunt, too. I shall

have nothing but mortification all the evening. And what will Mrs. Washington Pots say? what will she think?

MOTHER. — I do not know why you are so ashamed of your aunt. She is a very sensible old lady.

LUCY. — You are so strange, mother. Do you believe, Rose, when Aunt Quimby was here last, she took her to church, and into our pew! I could see many smile at the old lady's bonnet.

MOTHER. — I care very little for those who laugh at the costume of the most humble worshipper in the house of God.

ROSE. — O! I have it, Lucy! We will tell her the rooms are damp, and detain her up-stairs. Come, let's get her snugly settled in her own room.

*Enter AUNT QUIMBY; LUCY and ROSE run to meet her.*

LUCY. — We are so glad to see you, dear Aunt Quimby.

AUNT Q. — What a darling child! I know'd you would be glad to see me; but my old bones aches, riding.

LUCY. — Yes; you must be fatigued, aunt. Let me take you up-stairs to your own room.

AUNT Q. — No, indeed, child; never go to bed before ten.

LUCY. — But, aunt, the rooms have just been papered: I am afraid you will take cold.

AUNT Q. — Lord bless the child; how careful she is of her old aunty! [*They lead her out.*]

LUCY. — What shall I do! [*Running about in great excitement.*] It is most time for the company to come, and my hair is uncombed; and this old wrapper —

*Enter DINAH.*

DINAH. — Miss, the salt has got clean up into the ice cream, and it is salt as brine—spoiled every bit! [*Exit.*]

LUCY. — [*Alone.*] What shall I do! it is too late to make any more. Everything goes wrong; I declare, I am tired to death!

*Enter DINAH.*

DINAH. — Miss! Hannah's gone let the custard burn; it's bitter as gall.

LUCY. — Mercy on me! Tell her to make some more.

DINAH. — Ain't no more eggs, Miss.

LUCY. — Will you get out of here! I don't want to hear any more. [*Exit.*]

DINAH. — [*Returning.*] Miss, the preserved squinches is all worked. I seed them running over the glasses. They's sour as winniger.

LUCY. — You are nothing but a raven, that has been croaking evil all day. Don't let me see you again. Go! go! I say.

DINAH. — 'Taint my fault, nohow. I didn't make the squinches work. [*Exit Dinah.*]



*Door opening; Enter Mrs. W. Pots.*

MRS. W. P. — Good evening! good evening, Miss Lucy.

LUCY. — Ah! you must excuse me, Mrs. Washington Pots. I was not expecting visitors so soon.

MRS. W. P. — No, I presume not; but, as it is in the country, I thought I would not be fashionable, but come early and bring all the children. Such a fine evening for walking. Suky! Suky! bring the children. Here the little dears all are.

*Enter children.*

LUCY. — Take seats, children.

MRS. W. P. — The dear little things are nearly dead; they are not accustomed to walk. We always ride in our carriage when at home. Have you any water convenient, Miss? O! never mind; this cordial will do as well. [*Helps herself.*]

CHILD. — I'm hungry, mammy; can't I have a piece of that cake. [*Mrs. W. P. helps the children to cake.*]

LUCY. — [*To herself.*] My best cake gone! it is too bad! [*Knocking heard at the door.*] Company coming, and I'm not dressed. You must excuse me, Mrs. W. Pots. [*Exit Lucy.*]

*Dinah announcing company; no one to receive them. Mrs. Pots's children dancing about and making a great noise.*

LUCY. — [*Returns.*] Excuse me, ladies, for not being ready to receive you. Hope you have been

enjoying yourselves. Let me introduce you to MRS. WASHINGTON POTS. [*Takes up Miss Green, Mr. Homes, Miss Darnly, Mr. James.*]

MISS GREEN. — How do you like our country, Mrs. Pots?

MRS. W. P. — It will do; but I find it too lonesome.

MR. HOMES. — How did you like your trip to this country, Mrs. W. P.? Were you very sea-sick?

MRS. W. P. — No, indeed, sir; we came all the way in our own carriage.

MISS DARNLY. — Came from England in a carriage! Astonishing!

MRS. W. P. — Much the pleasantest way, I assure you.

MR. JAMES. — Presume you had a good pilot for a driver.

*Enter ROSE, in great haste.*

ROSE. — Indeed, Lucy, we cannot detain her. She says she will come down, and see how you entertain great folks.

LUCY. — Run up, Rose, and tell her there ain't one speck of room. [*Voice on the stairs. Aunt Quimby rushes in. Rose trying to detain her. Aunt Quimby goes round, courtesying to everybody.*]

JANE MAY. — If there ain't Aunt Quimby! Now let's have some fun. Sarah, let's draw the old lady out.

SARAH. — Good! [*Both girls advance.*] How charmed we are to see you here, Aunt Quimby!

AUNT QUIMBY. — Came to see Lucy. The dear child does look so well—makes me think of the time when I was a girl.

JANE MAY. — I have heard you were a great belle when young.

AUNT QUIMBY. — Well, I reckon I did break as many hearts in my day as any one.

SARAH. — Do, dear aunt, sing us a song.

AUNT QUIMBY. — Well, I don't care if I do. [*Sings Lord Lovell. Jumping up:*] But where is the great English lady? I never seed a raal English lady in my life. No; they could not keep me up *stars*! I determined I would see her; if I caught my death a cold!

MRS. W. POTS. — [*Rising.*] Who is this vulgar woman? Why is she allowed to come here?

AUNT QUIMBY. — [*Going up to Lucy.*] Why don't you introduce me to Mrs. Washington Pots. The rooms is damp, just been papered.

MRS. W. POTS. — The rooms damp! We have all been put into damp rooms, and me so delicate! horrible! and the dear little ones!! We shall all die of the consumption!

*Enter DINAH.*

DINAH. — Thar's an officer at the door, come for Mrs. W. Pots what's run away with her missus'

rings and pins. Sez as how he won't go without her.

*Mrs. W. P. — [Collects her children, and slips out at the back door. Great confusion; company talking and going.]*

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## MAY-DAY.

[As May-Day celebrations are very much in vogue, I will, for the convenience of teachers, give a programme of two, that they can vary as they please.

My pupils generally spent the day in gathering flowers, twining garlands, laying the tables, and arranging everything for the fête, which, if the pupils are small, commence late in the afternoon, or early in the evening. The most beautiful one I have ever seen was celebrated at the residence of the Hon. W. C. Humphreys, whose daughter was queen. I had taught only twelve little girls that year, and, consequently, they were much better taught than a larger, and more promiscuous school could have been. A form, about three feet high, covered the entire surface of one room, which was connected with others by sliding doors. This form, beautifully decorated and carpeted, was large enough to afford ample room for the motions of twelve little girls, who, by the golden light of the setting sun, more resembled beautiful cherubim than mortals.

The children marched through the hall to the throne, singing : —

“ See, see the May queen,  
Coming from the southern bowers.”

After the queen was seated, the pupils arranged on either side knelt to her, as the last notes of the song died away.

The first maid of honor arose, and addressed the queen as follows : —]

#### ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

Not for beauty now we choose thee,  
Our elected Queen of May;  
Not for wealth or power we crown thee,  
On this fair, auspicious day.

Truth and love, the virgin's dower,  
Sparkle in thine azure eye;  
May these bloom when death's dread hour,  
Bids young hope and vain wealth die.

As this wreath of budding flowers,  
Rests upon thy sunny brow;  
May the fates, who rule the hours,  
Smile propitious on thee now.

May thy path be ever joyous,  
Strown with aramanthine bloom;  
May the wreath of love and friendship.  
Ever waft thee rich perfume.

## QUEEN'S REPLY.

Thanks for this crown, my merry maids,  
'Tis true the chaplet soon must fade;  
'Tis ever thus with all that's bright,  
'Tis born, and dies, as fades the light.

The butterfly is gay at noon,  
At night reposes in the tomb;  
O'er its bier, we drop a tear,  
Emblem of my brief career.

Thus shall I, at evening's close,  
When the dew has wet the rose;  
Lay my crown of flowers by,  
And willingly consent to die.

But while life and power remain,  
Mine shall be a merry reign;  
Then the magic dance renew,  
Strike the sounding chords anew.

*[A short piece of inspiring music.]*

## ADDRESS OF THE SECOND MAID.

Take this sceptre of thy power,  
Chosen empress of the hour;  
Wave it o'er this glittering throng,  
And waken laughter, loud and long;

For thy subjects wish to-day,  
To have a merry, merry May;  
Banish from thy courtly throng,  
All who scorn the merry song.

Mirth's the sparkling foam we find,  
Ever on the strongest wine;  
Faces lean, and lank, and long,  
Tell of minds, not very strong.

#### QUEEN'S REPLY.

Seeker of gold ! lover of power,  
Do'st scorn the queen of a passing hour ?  
To thee do'st it idle and foolish seem,  
To welcome May in her robes of green ?

Cold is the heart that loveth power,  
More than the opening, blushing flower;  
O ! dark is the soul that seeketh gold,  
When May the scroll of God unrolls.

The pure, the innocent ever love,  
To read in the flowers of God above;  
To dance in robes of spotless white,  
When earth is decked on her bridal night.

Then come, your queen will lead the way,  
Let young, let old, let all obey;  
Let naught but sounds of gleeful life,  
Be heard in my court this lovely night.

The Queen and maids dance the *Coronation Dance*: Swiss Waltz — Violin.

Two flower-girls advanced, and addressed the Queen:—

FIRST FLORA.

Tulips! tulips scarlet and gold,  
For thee do their petals bright unfold,  
For thee hath the tardy Spring at last  
Chased the cold and stormy blast;  
She heard, thy laugh as she lay enrolled  
In her snowy shroud, all pale and cold;  
She knew we had chosen thee Queen of May.  
And she called on the flowers that sleeping lay,  
To come forth in pomp and regal pride,  
And deck the earth as a fair young bride,  
To please her darling, favorite child,  
Our loving Queen, sweet Lily wild.

SECOND FLORA PRESENTS A NYPHAEA ODORATA.

This nymphaea bright,  
In purest white,  
Was bathing this morn  
At early dawn  
In the sparkling stream  
That, leaping, gleamed  
In the rosy light,  
A coronal bright,  
Round her form so white;  
She looked with pride  
In the dimpling tide,



And laughed outright ;  
For there, to her sight,  
Lay a water-queen bright  
Of dazzling white.  
'Twas then I flew,  
And suddenly drew  
Her form from the tide,  
With blushes dyed,  
To present to my Queen  
The nymph of the stream,  
A captive bright  
At her court to-night.

*Dance.* (Two children ; fancy dance.)

### THIRD FLORA PRESENTS A ROSE.

In my crimson rose's lap,  
Many a hoary frost has fallen,  
For fickle spring, she took a nap,  
And left awhile her cherished roses.  
But the balmy sky of May  
Has chased the frosts, those suitors gray,  
And flowers bloom on every spray,  
And earth is dressed for gala day.  
Now my flower with scented sigh,  
Claims a glance from beauty's eye,  
Turns, as Gheber did of old,  
To where, in clouds of burnished gold,  
His God, the dying king of day,  
Sank calmly from his throne away.

## FOURTH FLORA PRESENTED ORANGE FLOWERS.

Pale orange flowers,  
From southern bowers,  
Telling of home,  
By the white wave's foam,  
Where the dashing spray  
Of the sounding bay,  
Makes rainbows bright,  
In the moon's clear light.  
In my dreams, I rove  
'Mid the orange grove,  
Where my brothers play  
The livelong day.  
Mays't thou ever repose,  
Sweet Tennessee rose,  
On thy parent stem,  
'Mid these sylvan glens.

*Fancy Dance.* (Four Children.)

A boy brought in the smallest pupil, chained with roses, and addressed the Queen.

## ADDRESS.

This fay I found at early dawn,  
Sipping dew on the upland lawn,  
I bound her fast with rosy chain,  
To join to-night thy regal train.

I'll make her dance and gaily sing,  
And tread for thee the fairy ring,  
There's nothing that she shall not do,  
My gentle Queen, thy smiles to woo.

## QUEEN.

Afraid art thou, O ! beauteous fay ?  
Then mortal Queen shall lead the way.

*They dance. : (The Fairy Dance.) Music—Piano :  
(Sleigh-Ride Polka.)*

## ADDRESS OF THE FAIRY.

Ah ! pity a fay,  
And list to her lay,  
Queen of May,  
And flowers gay.  
O ! let me go  
Where daisies grow,  
Where fairies dwell  
In fox-glove bells.

*Eight children danced Spanish Waltz. All sing  
to Piano.*

Cold Winter is gone,  
I hear the birds' song,  
And mountain and glen  
Re-echo the strain.

May-day is smiling, smiling,  
Light the clouds are flying, flying,  
Soft the breeze is sighing, sighing,  
God is love.

On the leaf of the rose,  
The bee finds repose,  
In the heart of the bell,  
The butterflies dwell.

May-day is smiling, smiling,  
Light the clouds, &c.

By the cool limpid stream  
The fairies are seen,  
With dance and with song  
They are floating along.

May-day is smiling, smiling,  
Light the clouds, &c.

*Eight children danced the Highland Fling.*

*Music.* — Maids of honor dance for the Queen,  
while the rest slip out and dress for the following  
play for little children :

**"COME TO SEE."**

## COME TO SEE.

*Persons Represented.*MARY ..... *Housekeeper.*JOSEPHINE, *Old Aunty.*MARTHA..... *Mary's Daughter.*

SARAH.

FINY..... *The Mother.*

FANNY.

JANE.

SUSAN.

KITTY..... *Child.*

MARY.—Come, girls, let us play “Come to See.”

FANNY.—O yes! do! I can act the grown lady, I know. Now, see. [*She walks around the room very affectedly.*] Is not that well done?

ALL.—That it is!

SARAH.—We can all act grown ladies; I know how, I have watched them many a time.

JANE.—Well, let's about it.

FINY.—Who shall keep the house?

MARY.—I—I'm the smartest, I know!

JANE.—No, you shan't! let Josephine be housekeeper, she's the soberest.

MARY.—Ba! we don't want the soberest, we want the briskest! Who can sweep, set the table, entertain the company, and all that, as well as I can? I'll be housekeeper myself; let Josephine be Old Aunty.

FINY.—No, madam! you shan't be mistress.

MARY.—I won't be anything, then! and I'll throw chips and leaves all over your house.

JOSEPHINE.—Now don't quarrel, girls, it's

naughty! I am willing to be Old Aunty, or any one else, so you won't quarrel. Remember the little hymn,

“Let dogs delight.”

JANE. — How smart!

MARTHA. — Yes; and it is smart, too! Come, let's get to the play, and stop quarrelling. Let Mary have her own way. Get the house ready, Mary! Here come the visitors.

FINY. — Where's Kitty? I am going to have her for my child. [*All the children run out but Martha and Mary, who arrange the chairs, etc. Knocking heard: Mary runs to receive the company.*]

*Enter FINY and KITTY: other children.*

FINY. — Good morning, Mrs. Busy. [*Martha runs forward, and kisses her.*]

MARY. — How glad I am to see you and your little love of a child!—how glad I am you have brought her along!

MARTHA. — Yes, she is a dear little creature; and they say she is so smart.

FINY. — And she is, too! Stand up there, Mary, and read some for the ladies: [*Kitty reads.*] There, now say some poetry: [*Kitty recites.*] Tell me, ladies, does not that beat anything you saw Tom Thumb do? Really, though I'm the mother who says it, I don't believe there is another such child in the State.

JANE. — Wonderful, certainly ! how I wish I had such a child ; I should dote on it

FINY. — I must be going, ladies. When are you coming to see me ? Do come, soon. Adieu, *au revoir ?*

SUSAN. — Now, ain't she proud, and thinks that child so smart ? I am sure I would not have such a child for a thousand dollars.

JANE. — Nor I, neither ; children are hateful, troublesome creatures, any how. Glad I haven't any.

FANNY. — [*Entering, bowing.*] Good evening, ladies, happy to see you.


MARY. — Dear creature ! how glad we are you have come. That hateful Mrs. Finy and her child have just gone. It is sickening to see her push that child forward. She will make her so conceited.

SUSAN. — She's already that. People said, at the examination, that she was one of the most forward little pieces they had ever seen.

JANE. — Do tell us all about that affair ; the baby was sick, and I could not go.

MARY. — Well, you did not miss much. Such doings you never saw : and such singing ! my ears ache yet.

JOSEPHINE. — I thought the little dears did very well.

FANNY. — Did you, indeed ! but, you know, Old Aunty, you are not a very good judge. 

JOSEPHINE. — I know when children read well, as well as any one else.

FANNY. — Is it possible ! but, remember, I am a graduate of the Bubble Institute, madam ! Now, my dear Mrs. Finy, if you could just have heard some of those children ! They ran on—babble ! babble ! so fast ; the people did not know a word they said. I would not let my children go where they did not make good readers.

MARY. — Neither would I.

FANNY. — And then the drawings they were parading about, blotted as my copy-book is ! O ! I mean as my copy-book used to be, when I was a child.

SARAH. — But what did you think of that little girl in the first dialogue ?

FANNY. — The one with the red hair and eyes, that lives near the Institute.

SARAH. — Yes ; what did you think of her ?

FANNY. — Dear ! dear ! what a fright, so ugly. I believe she did the worst of all.

MARY. — Now, Miss Fanny, you are not going to make fun of me ! I'll slap you over if you do.

JOSEPHINE. — You like very well to hear *other* people made fun of,

MARY. — Yes ; but she shall not make fun of me !

JOSEPHINE. — I think we should not make fun of anybody. Do as you would be done by is the golden rule.



SUSAN. — Well, if this is being grown folks, I hope I shall never be grown. Come, girls, let us play something else. Let us sing "Busy Bee;" and then go jump the rope. Come, raise the tune, Mrs. Housekeeper.

*[They all sing and waltz around.]*

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This programme is for older girls than the preceding, and was arranged for the evening :

*March*: (Full Band.)

ADDRESS OF THE FIRST MAID.

Daughter of beauty, Queen of flowers,  
Our hearts are thine by a magical power  
We cannot control—then say  
Whence is the secret of thy sway?

Doth thine eye, now dark, now brightly blue,  
Dazzle the sense with its varied hue?  
Or is it thy lithe and graceful form  
That charms as we, dancing, float along?

Ah! no, 'tis thy loving, trusting heart,  
So free from guile and worldly art,  
Thy spirits wild as the springing fawn,  
As it brushes the dew from the glittering lawn.

Then take this fragrant, flowery crown,  
Thy golden locks it will well adorn;  
Remember, loving hearts have twined  
Its fragrant buds thy brows to bind.

## ADDRESS OF THE QUEEN.

Crowned with roses, now I stand,  
Chosen mistress of this band,  
And as the ladies seldom can  
Have any power in this base land,  
I am resolved, for my brief day,  
To rule the men with iron sway;  
For, fleeting as the summer shower,  
My sway must pass with evening's hour.  
And first of all we do decree  
These rules to gents of all degree,  
Whatever Adam on the ground  
Is found without an Eve to charm,  
Shall straight be brought before the Queen,  
To answer for his sullen mien;  
And if he give no reason why  
He dare my power to defy,  
Shall soon be locked in dungeon old,  
Meet place for knight thus rudely bold:  
And furthermore, we do agree  
With Cæsar's wise and just decree,  
That, worthless to himself and state,  
Is every man without a mate.  
If any beau shall here presume  
To say we were not born to rule,  
Or dare our royal ear to vex,  
With speech degrading to the sex,  
With paper cap his head we'll crown,  
And add long ears for wit renowned.

And now, my merry friends, and true,  
A few brief words I have for you,  
Let every maiden on the ground  
Be watchful of the Queen's renown,  
Let justice swift, as well as sure,  
Show that our laws shall long endure,  
That after, monarchs oft may state  
The wise decrees of royal Kate.

*Music.*

**ADDRESS OF THE SECOND MAID.**

Take this type of regal glory,  
Twined with nature's fairest blooms,  
Here the rose and myrtle cluster,  
Wafting thee their rich perfumes.

Maidens, be our spirits joyous,  
For the earth in verdure smiles,  
Lambs are skipping o'er the meadows,  
Spring is in her early prime.

Matrons, frown not on our pleasures,  
We, your babes, so young and fair,  
Are the flowerets God has sent you,  
To immortal pleasures heirs.

Fathers, bless your little daughters,  
Share our mirth o'er nature's bloom,  
Let no thought of earthly sorrow  
Shroud to-night your hearts in gloom.

## QUEEN'S REPLY.

Savage hearts make God a savage,  
Loving only sighs and gloom,  
Pleased when weak, and erring mortals  
Seek some dark, and fearful doom.

Thus, on India's shores benighted,  
Mothers cast their beauteous babes  
To the monsters of the Ganges,  
Floating on its purple waves.

Thus the monk, in convent holy,  
Tells his beads with sobs and tears,  
List to groans of mortal anguish  
From that cell of grief and fear.

But the good and simple-hearted  
Love their father as a friend,  
Taking, with a smile contented,  
All the gifts his mercy sends.

Then, as Queen of smiles and flowers,  
Crown'd and sceptred, now I stand,  
Let no gloomy-visaged monster  
Dare invade our happy band.

*Coronation Dance : (Swiss Waltz.)*

## FIRST FLORA.

The birds all pair on St. Valentine's Day,  
The flowers all marry the First of May;  
The lily is decked in purest white,  
To hail her spouse, the god of light.

The rose is here with her downy cheek  
And fragrant breath her love to greet;  
The violet blue, with modest eye,  
Is seen to her lover's breast to fly.

The bachelors only are coy and sly,  
And think they shall marry before they die;  
I hope our queen will make them all,  
Marry before the very next fall.

## SECOND FLORA.

Anemone! bright star of day!  
Blossoming in early May,  
At the oak's root, in modest pride,  
Thou crouchest as his blushing bride,  
While he, with dark and swarthy arms,  
Shades from the sun thy rosy charms;  
And bids all other suitors fly,  
The light of thy refulgent eye.

*Dance:* (Hornpipe, four children.)

## THIRD FLORA.

Roses! wet with sparkling dew,  
 Emblem of thy heart so true;  
 But no fay's or elfin's dower,  
 Is that gift of magic power.

God alone, can form a heart,  
 Kind and gentle, without art;  
 Cold the marble statue gleams,  
 Till He lights the fire within.

## FOURTH FLORA.

Dahlias! children of the sun,  
 Telling of their southern home,  
 Where savage Cortez fiercely fought,  
 And stained with blood the Christian cross.

Where Guatimozen proudly died,  
 Nor bowed his soul to Spanish pride;  
 Where Aztecs, gentle, simple race,  
 With flowers every ritual graced.

*Song: (Eight pupils.)*

*Dance: (Four.)*

*Play: (THE PERSIAN PRINCESS.)*

*[All the company dance. Band.]*

Short speech by a good orator, on the antiquity,  
 beauty, etc., of these celebrations.

## THE PERSIAN PRINCESS.

*Persons Represented.*LULU.....*The Princess.*ZITAB.....*The Maid.*

WELL.

So.

YOU KNOW.

SAID HE.

}	One clever girl can represent all four, by dressing differently.
---	--

LULU. — Come, Zitab, take thy lute, and sing me a song. Let it be sweet and low, girl; night is not the time to frighten the echoes with screeching. [*Zitab plays.*] There, I am weary already! so weary! How I hate my very existence, shut up in this gloomy abode!

ZITAB. — Ah! my lady, you are blessed among mortals! How many women envy you! You have only to ask, and all your wishes are gratified.

LULU. — Foolish girl! behold the cause of my misery. I know not what I want. My heart-aches, and I know not why. Can you think of nothing to dissipate my grief? Ah! I have it. Go, publish abroad that I will give a purse of gold to the most eloquent story-teller in the kingdom. She will divert my ennui with tales of those who want something, and are not so supremely miserable as myself, who have nothing to desire. Hasten, Zitab, and bring me the first who presents herself.

[*Exit Zitab.*]

*Enter ZITAB with WELL.*

ZITAB. — My lady, here is one who thinks she may please your royal ear. Will you listen to her tale?

LULU. — Proceed: I was becoming impatient at your stay.

WELL. — Beautiful Princess, if you will but deign to listen to my —

LULU. — Will you begin, woman! Why did I send for thee, if it did not please me to listen?

WELL. — Well! my lady, I only thought —

LULU. — To the tale! Let me hear the tale without further delay.

WELL. — Well, once upon a time there lived a certain old man. Well, this old man had a daughter, (though not nearly as beautiful as your ladyship); well, most beautiful princess, one day this old man said, "Well, my daughter;" "Well, father," said the beautiful creature; well now, (and she was beautiful), "Well, father, what were you going to say?" Well, most beautiful princess, you look so angry, that I have well nigh forgotten what the old man said, when she said, "Well."

LULU. — Will you proceed, woman!

WELL. — Well, my lady, "Well, father," said the beautiful daughter; well, now beautiful princess, but I am sure your ladyship will not get angry, because I called her beautiful.

LULU. — No, let her be as beautiful as you please, so you go on with your story.



WELL. — Well, now, beautiful princess, as I said; you well nigh frighten me, well, now, to my tale. “Well, father,” said she; well, she was not so beautiful as I told you she was a while ago. “Well, father.” Well, now, beautiful princess, if I had only known that you would be so angry; well I declare, I would not have said she was beautiful. Well, but my lady, what can one do with an ugly —

LULU. — Here, Zitab, take this woman away, and tell the guards to put her in the deepest well in Is-pahan, if she is ever heard to say *well* again. [*Exit ZITAB and WELL. The princess sings.*]

*Enter ZITAB with So.*

ZITAB. — Behold another, my lady, who is sure of the prize.

LULU. — Dost think she has as many wells at her tongue's end as her predecessor? Proceed, woman, with the tale, and beware vexing my ears with all the wells in Persia.

So. — Adorable princess, our well has been dry for some time; and so, lady, you need have no fears of hearing it.

LULU. — So much the better. I hope it will not take to running over now; but I wish to hear thy tale.

So. — Adorable lady, and so you will listen to my tale? Ah! I never thought to have the honor —

LULU. — Will you tell your tale without more ado?

So. — And so, your ladyship, and so, in a far country—I don't remember the name now—and so; in that country—if I could remember the name, I could tell the tale much better—and so; but I am sure your ladyship does not care about the name.

LULU. — No, not a farthing.

So. — So I thought your ladyship would not care; and so, in this far country, and so—it is the strangest thing in the world that I should forget that name—and so it is; for I tell it so often to my husband and children; and so, my husband says, and so, wifey—so you see, my lady, he always calls me wifey—and so, said he, that is the most beautiful story, wifey, and so it is, that ever was heard; and so, said he, if the Sultan could only hear it.

LULU. — I hope he may; for I much fear I shall never hear it myself. Leave off your sos, woman, and tell me the tale.

So. — And so, my lady, I will. So, my lady, you see, in this far country, called—if my son were just here, he could tell the name—and so, the little fellow always remembers the name; and so he does, although it is a mighty long one, and so it is; and so, as I said —

LULU. — Will you hold your tongue, woman?

So. — And so your ladyship need not get mad, and so you need not. Indeed, your ladyship, and so it is a fact; I never thought of telling the story

to the Sultan, and so your ladyship need not get mad about it.

LULU.—Was ever any one so vexed. [*Stamping.*]

So. — And so, my lady, I will never tell it to him. And so, if I had only known your ladyship did not like me to tell him the story.

LULU.—Take her away, Zitab. The Shah would sew you up in a sack and throw you into the sea, before he had listened to you one minute. You deserve to have your mouth sewed up, as the mildest punishment.

So. — And so, your ladyship, if I had only——

LULU.—Will you dare to say “so” again? Go! go! I say. [*Exit Zitab and So.*]

*ZITAB enters with another woman.*

ZITAB. — My lady, here is another, who is very desirous that you should listen to her tale.

LULU. — A tale of “wells” and “sos.”

YOU KNOW. — No, Princess, a true tale of grief and sorrow.

LULU. — Yes; that will charm me. O! that I had something to sorrow for! I am ready now to weep at your tale; let me hear it.

YOU KNOW. — You know, my lady, that at a long distance from here, you know, there is a country called England, you know; you know, my lady, the women of that country are very miserable, you know.

LULU. — No, I don't know; tell me why they are miserable.

YOU KNOW. — You know —

LULU. — I tell you again I do not know anything about that country.

YOU KNOW. — You know I am going to tell you, you know.

LULU. — But I don't know anything about it. Tell me quickly; why are the women of that country so miserable?

YOU KNOW. — You know, my lady, the laws of that country, you know, were made by a barbarian, you know, a long time ago, you know; a blackamoor he was called, you know, and a blackamoor you may be sure he was, you know, when you hear some of the barbarous laws, you know.

LULU. — I tell you again I know nothing about that country.

YOU KNOW. — You know, my lady, you know, the women there, you know, have nothing of their own, you know.

LULU. — I tell you again I don't know. What has that to do with sorrow? Tell me wretch!

YOU KNOW. — You know, your ladyship, you know — but I do not see why you should get so angry. You know I did not mean to insinuate that you had nothing, you know. The Shah, you know, gave you five thousand ducats, you know, the day you were married, you know. You can do what you please, you know.

LULU. — Yes; I do know that. Out of my

sight with your knows! What miserable jargon!  
Out of my sight, will you! *[Exit.]*

*ZITAB enters with another.*

LULU.—Why have you brought me another? to drive me mad?

ZITAB.—A storm is better than a constant calm, lady. You will sleep sweetly after so much excitement.

LULU.—Do you dare mock me! Come forward, woman, and let me see if you have any *wells*, *sos*, and *knows*.

SAID HE.—I have a beautiful tale to tell, lady, if you will deign to listen.

LULU.—I am all attention. I thirst for a beautiful romance, as one who has been thrice deluded by the semblance of water in the desert.

SAID HE.—One warm summer's day, two lovers were seated in the shade, on the bank of a cool stream, and said he to his lady love, and said he, "Sweet love," and said she nothing; and said he, "When, sweet love," said he, "when, sweet love," said he, "will you go," said he; said she—but no, she said nothing then, but blushed. Then said he, "I am so impatient to go," said he; said she, "Where?" "Fishing," said he; "Is that all," said she.

LULU.—"Said he and said she!" Is that the beautiful tale, vile creature? Ah! I shall die with rage. Out of my presence! Bring me no more such ignorant imbeciles. Is this the manner in

which my subjects speak the beautiful Persian tongue? Horrible! Why are not my people better taught, Zitab?

ZITAB. — Because, my lady, the Satraps do not wish them as well educated as themselves, and, therefore, they alone are instructed.

LULU. — How wicked! But a new thought has come to me, Zitab. I shall no longer find existence a burden. I shall find employment for every minute. I am resolved to have my people taught. I will see that it is done myself. My people shall at least learn to speak their mother tongue with eloquence. Are there no mothers, no teachers in Persia? Call my Satraps, Zitab. I will see that they do not bow the face of my people to the earth with the yoke of ignorance.

## THE GRADUATES.

*Persons Represented.*

MRS. ECONOMY.

MRS. POUNDFOOLISH.

MR. MAKEMONEY... *Teacher.*

MISS BOOKWORM.

ELLEN.

POLLY.

EDMONIA.

JULIA.

CYNTHIA.

QUEENY.

ROBERTA.

MARGARET.

MRS. ECONOMY. — [*Sitting sewing, dressed à la Quaker. Enter Mrs. Poundfoolish, dressed gaily.*] Good morning! How are you?

MRS. POUNDFOOLISH. — Very well. How industrious! You are always busy.

MRS. E. — Take a seat.

MRS. P. — I don't know that I can sit still; I am in such a passion!

MRS. E. — What is the matter, pray?

MRS. P. — There, look at that bill! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Fifty dollars! and only for one session! I have always considered my school bills as matters of moonshine; but here is a bill for nearly as much money as my best silk cost. It is outrageous! and I can't and won't stand it! I don't have much for a teacher after paying my driver, my own and daughter's store bills, my party and theatre bills, and all the ten thousand little items that exhaust my purse.

MRS. E. — But teachers can't live on moonshine;

and we pay them so little that we have few good ones. You must economize, and pay teachers well, or you cannot have talented ones.

MRS. P. — I don't see the use of being so wondrous wise. I have got along very well in the world, and you know I was the poorest scholar in school.

MRS. E. — I am educating my children for time and eternity! I can educate them but once. If my dress does not fit this season, next year I can have another; but a year of a child's life can never be recalled; after the tree is grown, in vain may you try to straighten the crooked trunk.

MRS. P. — What has all this to do with economy? Just tell me, if you please, in what way are you more economical than I.

MRS. E. — Are you good at figures?

MRS. P. — Pretty good.

MRS. E. — Your carriage and horses cost \$1500, mine \$500, balance, \$1000; interest per annum on the same, at ten per cent., \$100. Your dress cost \$50, mine \$10, balance \$40; you generally buy four a year, making \$160, interest \$16; principal and interest \$176. You bought \$500 worth of jewelry last year, interest on the same \$50; principal and interest \$550. You allow your daughters \$300 for dress, I \$100; we both have two, that leaves \$400 in my favour, interest \$40; principal and interest \$440. Now let us see how much I save for teachers:



Economy on Carriage .....	\$1100
“ Dress .....	176
“ Trinkets .....	550
“ Daughter's dress .....	440
	<hr/>
	\$2266
	<hr/>

Enormous ! \$2266 !

MRS. P. — Let's have that over, if you please. I don't see where the mistake is; but I am sure there is one somewhere. [*Knocking: enter young girls, very much dressed.*]

EDMONIA. — Where is Polly, Mrs. Economy? We want her to go and see us graduate. O! we are all going to come out now, and do nothing but go to balls and parties. [*Sings.*]

“I'll be a butterfly born in a bower.”

*Enter POLLY and MISS BOOKWORM.*

POLLY. — We were sweeping the yard when you passed; but see, I am here, for I dropped my broom in haste, not being able to conjecture why you were all dressed so gaily. Are you going to have a play in the summer-house?

LIZZIE. — We are going to graduate. Is it possible you did not know school was out?

MISS BOOKWORM. — Graduate! You are only children!

EDMONIA. — I am most thirteen!

MISS B. — What a remarkable child, to graduate at thirteen!

EDMONIA. — No, indeed, madam; I am very

bad and very lazy, and the teachers advanced me two classes to get me out of school.

JULIA. — O! the best scholars don't graduate first. Some take only a few studies, that they may graduate soon.

MISS B. — What! have you no regular course?

CYNTHIA. — No, indeed! If you only plod to school a few years you get a diploma.

MISS B. — A diploma for what?

ELLEN. — For being lazy and knowing nothing. I don't care for a diploma; every girl gets one, as well as myself, who has been very industrious.

EDMONIA. — You industrious! You would miss ten in every lesson if the class were not so long that the lesson is through before it comes to you. There are twenty girls in our class.

MISS B. — Twenty!

ELLEN. — Anyhow, I'm a better scholar than you.

POLLY. — Do, Miss Bookworm, examine them, and let us see.

QUEENY. — Do, dear Miss.

ROBERTA. — Yes, do; we'll see about that grand essay I saw her copying out of a book.

MAGGIE. — Yes; and did not you tell me your father wrote yours?

JULIA. — And don't I know where the substance of yours is?

MAGGIE. — I don't think it has any substance or shadow; it's imponderable.

ELLEN. — Whew! what a philosopher; but I am

sure, my little fellow, you don't know what that means, though you graduate this evening.

JULIA. — Hush! Miss Bookworm is going to examine us.

MISS B. — Have you studied vulgar fractions, Miss Cynthia?

CYNTHIA. — No, indeed; mother don't allow me to study anything vulgar.

MISS B. — Indeed! Can you extract the square root of a given number?

CYNTHIA. — Square roots! All the roots ever I saw was round. Have you ever seen square ones, madam?

MISS B. — [*Laughing.*] Certainly. Miss Edmonia, have you studied philosophy?

EDMONIA. — Yes, madam.

MISS B. — Do you know the name of the planet nearest the sun?

EDMONIA. — No, madam, I don't believe I do.

MISS B. — What! did you never hear of Mercury?

EDMONIA. — O! yes; Pa gave Sally some last summer, and she said it was mighty powerful stuff, and nearly physicked her to death.

MISS B. — Well done! ha! ha! gave her a planet! Can you tell me, Miss Julia, anything of Saturn and his rings?

JULIA. — O! yes; Satan and his chains you mean? He's very black, has cloven feet, long tail, red mouth, and clanks his chains dreadfully. The

niggers used to say he was in me; but I don't believe I should live a minute after seeing him. I never go in the dark by myself for fear of seeing him. O! I'm so 'feard! Well, let me tell you.

MISS B. — That will do. I see the negroes have taught you a great deal. Miss Queeny, of how many languages are you mistress?

QUEENY. — Of nary one, madam; but I shall be the mistress of twenty negroes the day I'm married, and that's enough for me to know.

MISS B. — Perhaps you are good musicians, young ladies. Can you play and sing me a hymn, Miss Edmonia?

EDMONIA. — Sing hymns! La! do you take us for ancients? We've only learned nice little songs to please the beaux. Hymns! Come, girls, this is stupid; let's go. [*Edmonia sings; the rest join.*]

"O! I should like to marry," &c.

[*Exit Graduates.*]

### Schoolroom.

MR. MAKEMONEY. — The graduates will please come forward and read their essays. The audience will please keep the most mitigated silence. Miss Roberta will please read. [*The pupils read. Each one should select some well-known piece. Mr. Makemoney presents diplomas, and concludes thus:—*]

MR. M. — Now, gentlemen and ladies, these essays are very good; but, gentlemen and ladies, them young ladies rit every word of them. I seed

them with these eyes, and I *dar* any one to say to the contrary; for, since teachers have become targits, I have been practising, not mathematics and trigonometry, but pistol, rifle, and revolver shooting, and am prepared to fight for any of them dear critters committed to my trust.

And now, gentlemen and ladies, I am for going ahead. You all know how successful I have been since I commenced life. You know I was a poor young man, now I am rich. All my pupils know how to go ahead, I am sure, for I tell them plenty about it. I know every one of them dear critters will be dashing belles, to the great delight of their papas and mammas.

You need not fear any of my pupils becoming blue stockings or blue noses, no! I agrees with the great American people that any man what can't go ahead and make money in this free country, is a ninny, and not fit to teach school. [*Bows to the audience. They cry "Go ahead!" "Go ahead!"*]



## LANGUAGE OF THE BIBLE.

(DR. GUTHRIE.)

THERE are terrors enough in the Bible to make a man's hair stand on end. Surely, were God but for one moment to let this world hear the weeping and wail of the lost, that sound, more ter-

rible than Egypt's midnight cry, would rouse the student at his books, arrest the foot of the dancer in the hall, stop armies in the very fury of the fight, and, calling a sleeping world from their beds, would bend the most stubborn knees, and extort from all the one loud cry, "Lord, save me, I perish !" Still it is not terror which is the mighty power of God. The Gospel, like most medicines of the body, is of compound nature ; but, whatever else goes into its composition, its curative element is love. No man yet was ever driven to heaven ; he must be drawn to it ; and I wish to draw you. The Gospel has terror in it no doubt. But it is like our atmosphere—occasionally riven by thunder, and illuminated by the fatal flash—it is, at times, the path of the stealthy pestilence, charged with elements of destruction, and impregnated with the seeds of disease ; but how much more is it a great magazine of health, filled with the most harmonious sounds, fragrant with the sweetest odors, hung with golden drapery, the pathway of sunbeams, the womb of showers, the feeder of flowing streams, full of God's goodness and the fountain of all earth's life ! And just as in that atmosphere, which God has wrapped around this world, there is much more health than sickness, much more food than famine, much more life than death, so, in the Bible, there is much more love than terror.

The terror is not only subordinate to love, but subservient to it. God, indeed, tells us of hell,

but it is to persuade us to go to heaven ; and, as a skilful painter fills the background of his picture with his dark colors, God puts in the smoke of torment and the black clouds of Sinai, to give brighter prominence to Jesus, the cross of Calvary, and his love to the chief of sinners. His voice of terror is like the scream of the mother bird when the hawk is in the sky. She alarms her brood, that they may run and hide beneath her feathers ; and as I believe that God had left that mother dumb unless he had given her wings to cover her little ones, and I am sure that He, who is very "pitiful," and has no pleasure in any creature's pain, had never turned our eyes to the horrible gulf, unless for the voice that cries, "Deliver from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom."

We had never heard of sin had there been no Saviour. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" and never had Bible light been flashed before the eyes of the sleeping felon to wake him from his happy dream, but that he might see the smiling form of Mercy, and hear her as she says, with pointing fingers, "Behold ! I have set thee before an open door."

## THE ACT OF GRACE.

### ACT OF GRACE. — (MACAULAY.)

of Grace the nation owed to William it is one of his noblest and purest own. From the commencement of the s of the Seventeenth Century down to tion, every victory gained by either een followed by a sanguinary proscrip- n the Roundheads triumphed over the when the Cavaliers triumphed over the ; when the fable of the Popish plot cendency to the Whigs; when the de- the Rye-House plot transferred the o the Tories; blood, and more blood, e blood flowed. *Every great explosion at recoil of public feeling had been by severities which, at the time the action loudly applauded, but which, ew, history and posterity have con-*

nate butcheries, the last and the hich is inseparably associated with ames and Jeffreys. But it would ave been the last—perhaps it might the worst—if William had not had the firmness resolutely to withstand mity of his most zealous adherents.



These men were bent on exacting a terrible retribution for all they had undergone during seven disastrous years.

They succeeded in defeating Indemnity Bill after Indemnity Bill. Nothing stood between them and their victims but William's immutable resolution that the glory of the great deliverance which he had wrought should not be sullied by cruelty. His clemency was peculiar to himself. It was not the clemency of an ostentatious man, or of a sentimental man, or of an easy-tempered man; it was cold, unconciliating, inflexible. It produced no fine stage effects. It drew on him the savage invectives of those whose malevolent passions he refused to satisfy. It won for him no gratitude from those who owed to him fortune, liberty, and life.

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#### EXTRACT FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Could we forget the widowed hour,  
And look on spirits breathed away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange flower.

When crowned with blessings she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes, and bright regrets that come,  
Make April of her tender eyes.

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As, parting with a long embrace,  
She enters other realms of love.

THE END.

Doc  
h:











